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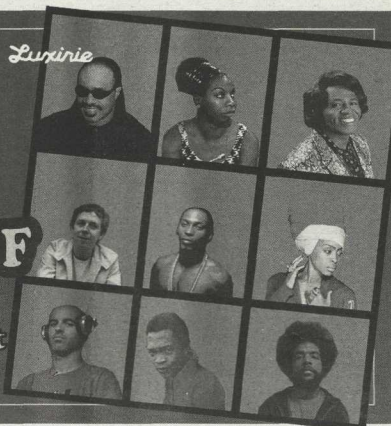
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COVER ART BY COLE JOHNSTON

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By tracing her difficult path from adversity to fame, a French biopic about one of France's greatest national treasures, Edith Piaf, reminds us why her music is still relevant today. **6**

IMVF: Indie Music Videos

Who knew a touring show comprised of music videos would span six years and two continents, and serve as an indicator of the state of electronic media? They did... **8**

Bad Religion

The trailblazers of punk with a political bent have a new album and tour. *Discorder* gets bassist Jay Bentley's take on everything from life on the stage to the world's stage of life. **11**

Julie Doiron + Calvin Johnson

One of Canada's most influential singer-songwriters teams up with one of America's, and a veritable history book of alternative music and culture is the result. **16**

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Well, this is my third issue of *Discorder*, and I must say, it's been an interesting experience so far. As if taking over editorial duties on a magazine is not challenging enough as it is, the added challenge of knowing many new pairs of eyes from across the country will be looking at your words with great interest adds that much more pressure.

CITR hosted the 26th annual National Campus-Community Radio Conference last month; for the final word on it, see Conference Coordinator Alison Benjamin's final take on the event in the Highlights column on the inside back page. At the conference, a small mob of programmers and staff from campus-community stations from all across Canada came to take part in workshops, to enjoy conference-sponsored concerts and entertainment, and to meet and network with likeminded radiophiles.

That week of June 11 to 16 was a particularly scary but exhilarating one for me for many reasons—not the least of which included speaking on the *Developing Publications* panel with a journalistic hero of mine (and former CITR Music Director, I might add), Tom Harrison, and introducing another one of my ink-slinging heroes, NCRC awards night keynote speaker, Kevin Potvin.

Another high of that week included the fact that *Discorder*'s new readership bumped up exponentially during the conference. In case you missed it, the June issue of *Discorder* contained a copy of the NCRC schedule and a feature highlighting the recommended workshops taking place that week. All sorts of conference delegates approached CITR staff and me to comment on how good our June issue looked, and how it served as a helpful companion guide to the weeklong event. For this fact, and many others, I would like to congratulate and thank our Art Director, Cole Johnson, for creating a dynamic-looking and easy to read guide for those delegates. He made *Discorder* and myself look exceptionally professional when it was most crucial.

The NCRC gave me an excellent opportunity to pick the brains of other delegates and to determine how to improve *Discorder*, so that it reflects everything it must offer as the program guide, and companion publication, to CITR. I concluded that *Discorder* should be about the talent behind the station, the music and artists they feature on their programs, and, most importantly, you fine listeners of CITR—without whom, this would all be for naught.

As a result, I have been experimenting with some much-needed updates to the content of *Discorder*. Last month, I began with bringing back an old column with a new twist, *Vancouver Special* had long been featured in our pages, and brought local scene news and mini CD reviews from such writers (and on-air talent) as Janis MacKenzie, Val Cormier and Ben Lai. The June issue featured the debut of *Vancouver Special Duplex*, a section which, courtesy two mini-features, throws the spotlight on local bands, scene news and previews of local cultural events. The inaugural *Vancouver Special Duplex* had a preview of this year's edition of Music Waste, as well as a profile on Vancouver band Capade, and the release of their new CD, *Wake Me Up*. But that's just the beginning: this month, *Vancouver Special Duplex* features profiles on CITR favourites Amy Honey, by Ben Lai, and CITR chart-toppers for the month of April, The Pack, by yours truly!

As the months progress, changes will be instituted at *Discorder* which will help bring CITR talent and listenership closer to one another than ever before. As captain of the good ship *Discorder*, it is my hope that by the fall, CITR's program guide will be providing infinitely more content from on-air talent in the form of features, updates and stories torn right from their programming. As well, I am proud to announce the return of *Discorder*'s venerable *Mailbag* section. Here, CITR listeners and readers of *Discorder* will have the chance to voice their feedback and opinions by writing us at: mailbag.discorder@gmail.com—go ahead and write us: it's free, it's fun, and it lets us know just what you think of us and how you think we can improve.

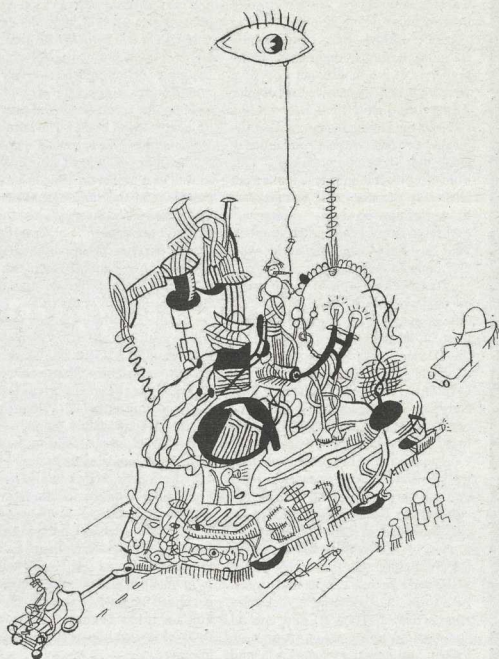
If snail mail is more your style, write the *Discorder Mailbag* at:

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Last month, we unofficially celebrated the 25th anniversary of CITR broadcasting on the FM dial during the NCRC festivities. We are also creeping up to the 25th year since the premiere issue of *Discorder*, 'That magazine from CITR 101.9FM,' first hit the streets. So let's accept this as our cue to take both CITR and *Discorder* to the next level!

Mike "Spike" Chilton
Editor

Textually ACTIVE



review by
GREG McMULLEN

Ellis puts his cultural and political savvy to work in *Crooked Little Vein*, his first novel. The book begins in the office of Mike McGill, a failed private eye who seems to be one bad case away from suicide. McGill has absolutely nothing going for him, except for his uncanny ability to find the most vile, deviant, perverse clients and cases going. What other man could crack the case of the tantric sex ostrich farm? He's contracted by the heroin-addled and patently insane U.S. Secretary of State to find a lost national treasure—the “Real” Constitution.

“This is how life in America is, moment by moment, our country has grown sicker,” explains the Secretary of State, who is revolted by the horrors of subculture and deviancy. He wants Mom’s apple pie and piety back, and the “Real” Constitution is the only way for him to get it. Bound in alien skin and weighted with meteor fragments, the “Real” Constitution is also a perfect mind control device, and thus the ticket to the administration’s rewiring of the brains of America.

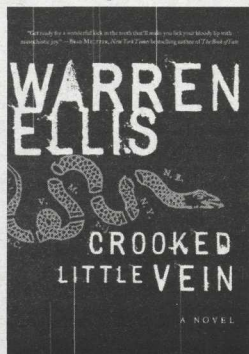
McGill sets out on a demented adventure that crosses both the continent and the boundaries of the normal. Ellis is the master of this kind of story. He has an uncanny ability to write about deviance with a personal distaste and discomfort while still remaining sympathetic to members of a given subculture. Never once does the novel become a Palahniukian gross-out tale or morality piece. Ellis might not like or understand a particular subculture or fetish community, but he appreciates that people are happy taking part in it—as long as they aren’t harming anyone else. Isn’t that what freedom is really about? While we may not like some of the things that are going on around us, we should remember that the weirdness of today will be the mainstream of tomorrow. This book helps us get ready for that.

Crooked Little Vein is a disturbing but wonderful tour through the emergent weirdness that we can find all around us, if we bother to look. It’s viciously hilarious, witty and fast-paced. While at times you may wonder why this sick individual would fill your head with such horrible things, you’ll be cackling to yourself later as you subject your friends to it. Warren Ellis only hurts you because he loves you so much.

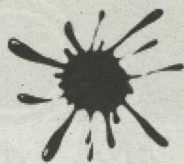
Crooked Little Vein
by Warren Ellis
William Morrow Books

If you still believe in things like innocence and happiness, think that the government is here to help, and have never found yourself in a porn theatre watching old Japanese monsters copulate with humans while the rest of the audience masturbates with anatomically correct Godzilla gloves, *Crooked Little Vein* is probably not the book for you.

Warren Ellis is better known for his work in comics, especially for *Transmetropolitan*, a gonzo-meets-cyberpunk mashup exploring the strangest aspects of American pop culture and politics in an anything goes free market future. Ellis has also developed quite a following in the blogosphere. He is ranked around #1100 in the Technorati top 2000 for his rants on politics (Stephen Harper as “the kind of actor a US, or US-but-produced-in-Canada, TV show uses as the bad guy when they can’t afford a British actor”), music (Joanna Newsom as a “yowling autistic playing a harp with a brick”), and all forms of subcultural weirdness.



INKSTUDS



by
ROBIN McCONNELL

A great offshoot from the recent trend of anthologies is the exposure of more experimental narrative artforms. Living in Vancouver, I am lucky enough to be exposed to a great group of talented comic artists.

Nog-A-Dod is an excellent primer for comix people to enter into some oddly sequential art. The one drawback is the price: at \$25, it can be a steep investment for novice interests. So, instead of telling you why you should just get that book, I am going to tell you about a couple of other small books from the artists compiled in *Nog-A-Dod* that are a more affordable way of checking out something new and different. You should still get *Nog-A-Dod* because it is so awesome.

Jason McLean and Mark DeLong have put together a nice little book on Nieve called *Melanie Sheepwash*. As a flipbook, it successfully presents two very unique talents. DeLong's stuff is a great mix of Gary Panter with a sort of street-like struggle. He really brings a neat complexity to the page that works on many levels and gives you a lot to absorb. This is the first time I have really had a look at his stuff, and I think any fans of the Fort Thunder crew would really find some love for DeLong.

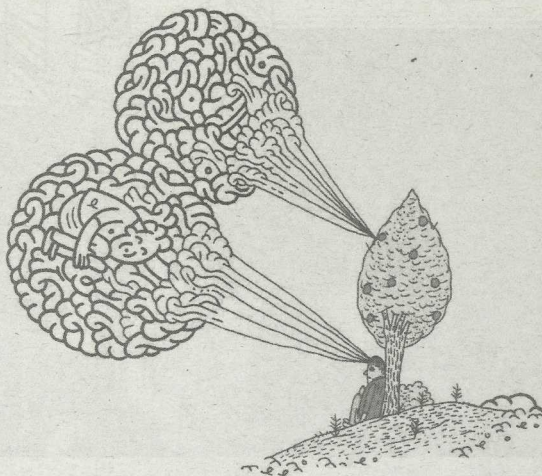
I am little more familiar with McLean's work. Looking at one of his paintings is like looking into the mind of the creative process. His work is at once incredible to look at, but also a story in itself, filled with an array of complex imagery. It is easy to lose oneself in trying to absorb all of McLean's artwork. Every little corner of his pages are packed with thoughts and emotion. I really wish I could afford one of McLean's originals, just to be able to look at it up close, over long periods of time.

The other great book that I just picked up is Luke Ramsey's ongoing project on Islands Fold. It's a collaboration with Justin B. Williams, a great young talent from whom I predict big things. Williams did a great piece for *Beasts* (from Fantagraphics), and in his Islands Fold contribution, he really shows some great progress. *A Great Big Stillness* has what I really love about Williams's work: he creates these great characters that seem filled with conflicting emotions and thoughts, as though there is a madness from which they are trying to escape. Williams also utilizes

odd mountain settings, filled with great chunks of bold imagery, much like a patchwork blanket.

Last, but not least, is Marc Bell, who edited and curated the *Nog-A-Dod* collection. Bell has cemented his role as an interesting creator by putting out vibrant new work and constantly stepping up his game in the art world. Most people will recognize Bell's work; he is the guy who did those crazy one-pagers at the back of *Vice Magazine*—artistic representations of horrible pop songs mixed with his imaginative creations. For Bell's straightforward comic work, check out *Shrimpy and Paul and Friends*, from Highwater Books. It's a great collection of his hard-to-find comic work, including a selection of really nice collage work near the end of the book. Bell's work has a very surreal edge to it, too, playing with storytelling and taking things into some very odd directions.

Nog-A-Dod is a very adventurous collection of years of collaborations from a group of Vancouver's most talented creators. If one was to try and find the original printings that *Nog-A-Dod* collects, it would be a hopeless endeavour. There are so many neat little mini-comix and small microprint run collections in *Nog-A-Dod*, you would never be able to find everything contained in it. For Vancouverites, *Nog-A-Dod* is a great testament to the artistic talent in our city—not to mention being an archival retrospective of goodness. **D**



CINEMA by EMMA MYERS

Aspirant

LA VIE EN ROSE

written and directed by OLIVIER DAHAN
starring MARION COTILLARD



The year is 1915, the world is at war, and France's streets are filled with poverty. This was the world in which Edith Piaf, the iconic French singer, was born and raised. Her life consisted of profound disappointment and unspeakable hardship, but her voice and passion elevate her from the streets and into music halls around the world. In his film, *La Vie En Rose*, Olivier Dahan reveals the woman behind the voice that captured the heart of France.

Edith's childhood was defined by loss and longing. Abandoned by her mother, she was raised in a brothel run by her grandmother, and later, in the travelling circus where her father performed. Her childhood was punctuated by a period of temporary blindness, caused by acute conjunctivitis, from which she eventually recovered. This childhood experience left her with an incredible faith that she carried with her throughout the rest of her life.

It was her dire circumstance that forced Edith to discover her amazing gift. She began singing on the street for money, enchanting passers by. She was discovered by a night club owner who offered her a job, and who also nicknamed her Piaf, meaning "little sparrow." She gained fame and recognition as people began to identify with the palpable emotion in her ballads, which expressed her struggle and longing for love. She eventually graduated from a downtrodden cabaret singer to a glamorous music hall performer, developing friendships with many of the rich and famous of Paris and America along the way. Most notable was her love affair with the famous boxer, Marcel Cerdan, who was tragically killed in plane crash, leaving Piaf utterly devastated; she began to overindulge in, and become dependent on, the morphine she took for her developing arthritis. Her health deteriorated rapidly to the point where she could no longer perform, or even feed herself. Piaf's extraordinary and tragic life ended at age 47.

Dahan became inspired by the idea to make a film about the French legend as he leafed through a book that delved into her life. The challenge was to find an able actress to play the complex chanteuse. Dahan immediately thought of Marian

Cotillard, known best in North America for her role as Josephine in Tim Burton's *Big Fish*. In addition to possessing extraordinary acting talent, she bears enough of a physical likeness to Piaf to be believable in the role. Cotillard was enthusiastic about the part, naming Piaf as one of her idols. The film required the leading actress to portray Piaf in all stages of her life. The older years were the biggest challenge, as Cotillard had to perform in very heavy make-up. Dahan's vision was executed brilliantly by Cotillard, who successfully morphed herself into Piaf, both inside and out, right down to the tiniest movement and subtle voice inflection.

Although most of the singing in the film is Piaf's actual voice, lip-synching her singing in some scenes was still the most difficult element for Cotillard. She studied footage of Piaf's performances in order to accurately mimic the way she sang, moved and even breathed. The result was worth her hard work, as Cotillard's performance is seamless and convincing, making the audience feel as though they are watching Piaf herself.

The narrative is not presented in a linear manner; it jumps between time periods and portions of Piaf's life. Here Dahan's innovative vision becomes evident. The film refrains from becoming disjointed and confusing. Rather, the segments flow in and out of each other beautifully. Although its 140-minute length is daunting at times, the film manages to recapture its audience by maintaining an astounding level of emotion throughout its entirety. Each scene is more heart-wrenching than the last. The emotion reaches its climax with Piaf's legendary final concert at the Paris Olympia, when she performs her celebrated song, "Non, Je Ne Regrette Rien" ("No Regrets"), moving the audience to tears.

La Vie en Rose is a triumphant tribute to the little sparrow, whose voice came to symbolize the "soul of France." With a gut-wrenching story, superb acting and beautifully woven narrative, there are no regrets from the audience as they leave the theatre. **D**

techs and the City

The Modern Appeal of Vinyl
by Emma Myers

We live in a digital age. The physical trappings of music formats have gradually been abandoned for the convenience of the MP3. Of course, this shift didn't happen overnight. First, epic record collections were tossed aside for the easily portable cassette tapes during the walkman boom of the early 1980s. Cassettes, too, were soon replaced as people opted for the thin, sleek CD that appeared in the late '80s. It was in the 1990s that the digital age dawned on music, spurred on by file sharing, and reached its twin apexes with the advent of the iPod in 2001 and the launch of iTunes in 2003. Now, in 2007, the average person's music collection has been digitized and compiled onto a single device, rendering his or her CD and vinyl collections essentially obsolete.

Ironically, in the midst of this digital revolution, there suddenly seems to be a rising interest in vinyl among the younger generations. This interest is perhaps linked to their growing fascination with music of the 1960s and '70s (in other words, our parents' music). Kids are buying the same records that their parents likely threw away copies of 20 years ago, or at least this is how it is in my case. Sadly, my dad got rid of his colossal record collection when I was about five. Now, 15 years later, here I am essentially rebuilding his old collection as my own—ah, how wonderful the circle of life is. My dad, of course, thinks it is an utter waste to buy vinyl now, when I have access to CDs, iTunes and countless music-sharing programs on the Internet. I sometimes feel guilty about this supposed frivolity of buying records; nevertheless, there is a certain romantic nostalgia associated with records which seems to appeal to our generation (or maybe just to me)—something an MP3 file simply cannot provide.

Much of this appeal has to do with vinyl's dynamic sound. When Keith Richards was asked in the 40th anniversary edition of *Rolling Stone* his opinion about digital recording technology, he answered that while digital is useful for editing, "if you really want that boom, you can't get it on digital." And who better to give expert testimony on sound than one of rock's most innovative guitarists.

The sound of vinyl is definitely of higher quality than the sound of a digital file, and it lends itself particularly well to acoustic music, specifically folk and jazz. This supports my theory that this budding interest in vinyl coincides with the surge in popularity in the music of the '60s and '70s, which is largely folk music. Nothing beats listening to Bob Dylan on vinyl, as he was meant to be heard: his throaty voice, gentle guitar and heartfelt harmonica blending perfectly into one full, yet raw, sound.

Perhaps our generation feels as though we missed out on the great youth-driven musical revolution that our parent's experienced and listening to vinyl is our way of jumping on their bandwagon.

Of course, I am in no way denying the importance of our own generation's musical revolution. There is no question that the digital age has spawned a boom in musical knowledge and exposure. I love that I can carry around my entire music collection with me at all times, but this doesn't stop me from being magically, almost magnetically, drawn to records.

Fairly recent technology has made it possible to convert vinyl into MP3 files. Although only true audiophiles and tech geeks will actually have this equipment, it might become the next big thing in music, as it allows the best of both worlds for those who love both the convenience of MP3s and the sound of vinyl.

In the mean time, there is no reason to feel guilty about buying vinyl even if you have a digital music collection; that's like saying you shouldn't buy the first edition, hardcover copy of your favourite book just because you happen to own the paperback. While one format offers convenience and portability, the other offers authenticity, permanence and a thin slice of the past. **D**

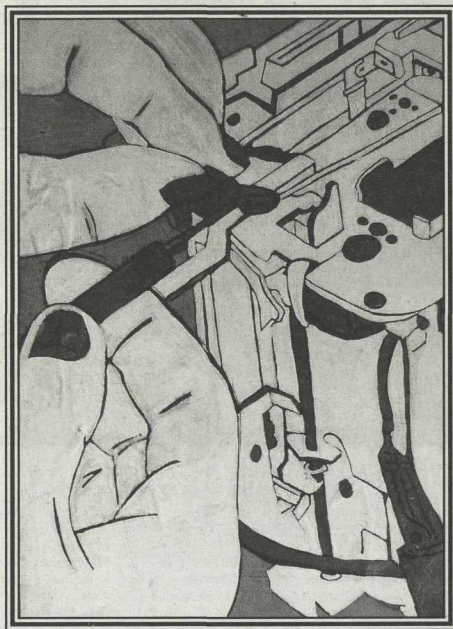
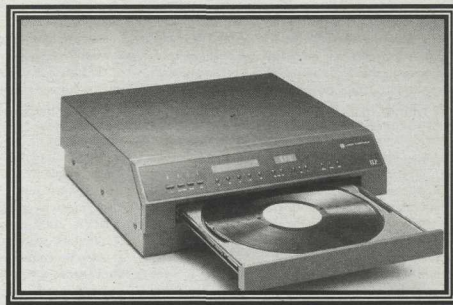


illustration by matthew mcgeale



DEATH TO TELEVISION

THE INDEPENDENT MUSIC VIDEO FESTIVAL CHANNELS QUALITY PROGRAMMING

BY
**JACKIE
WONG**



L-R

BETA VALENTINE, RAFTSIDE, PRINCESS SUPERSTAR, ELIZABETH, CADENCE WEAPON, OCTOPUS PROJECT, PLASTER, BRENT AMAKER & THE RODEO, THE GRATES, LILY FROST, THE EPOXIES, ILIKETRAINS

Despite being able to make a living as a television producer, one of the originators of the Independent Music Video Festival says television is going the way of the dinosaur.

"Maybe lazy people will always want this linear stream of pabulum fed to them," says co-founder Marcus Rogers. "I think the market's going to become smaller and smaller." He credits this with the rising tide of interactive broadcast technologies, such as YouTube and other online broadcasters.

The increasing popularity of digital-media technology has contributed to the success of projects like the Independent Music Video Festival (IMVF), and the death of television as we know it. Since IMVF's inception, user-driven online media like YouTube, MySpace, and Blogger have exploded, giving independent visual art a huge audience and distribution potential.

Rogers is a passionate advocate of the creative possibilities for video art. He founded the Independent Music Video Festival with Nicole Steen and Frank Yahr in 2002. The festival is now in its sixth year, with shows in seven cities across Canada and the United States. Each stop features a one-night showcase of 25 independent music videos. This year's selections include videos from such indie acts as Stinkmitt, the Octopus Project, Sparks and Cadence Weapon.

Before IMVF started, Rogers was curating a show at the now-defunct Blinding Light Cinema called *Before Year Zero*, a compilation of West Coast punk videos. "I've

always been making punk videos for D.O.A. and bands like that," he says. "Everyone loved it, and Nicole said we should have a festival for music videos. High-quality indie music videos 'cause they're really high art."

The first-ever Indie Music Video Festival also debuted at the Blinding Light Cinema, featuring the video art of Vancouver bands.

Once the festival was unleashed in independent music circuits, it quickly gained momentum. "Word of mouth actually does work. Something's really good, boy, it gets popular fast," says Rogers. "(We do it) without a million dollar advertising budget, and that's really cool. It's better to have things sell themselves, and people just get what they like."

The festival aims to include diverse, wide-ranging content, as well as a broad sampling of generations and genre.

It's a constant task for the IMVF organizers to encourage more submissions from female artists. To rally more female involvement in the festival this year, the coordinators did something new. "On International Women's Day, we did a ladies-only special—all female artists," Steen says. Audiences voted for their top-five videos, which were then placed in the IMVF 2007 lineup.

IMVF 2007 boasts 25 videos chosen by the coordinators' secret jury. What started as a two-night, 50-video Vancouver festival is now a one-night, 25-video extravaganza with shows across North America.

The rise of interactive, user-driven online media has helped spread word of, and interest in, initiatives like the

IMVF. "Now we can get the media we want, as opposed to the media they want us to get," Rogers says. "What a great equalizer."

Rogers marvels at the creative floodgates opened by increasingly sophisticated computer technology. "Previously, it was very difficult and really time-consuming [to create video material]," he says. "You might have spent months rendering this stuff, but now you can render it with a G5 overnight."

"The creativity is unlimited in videos now," Steen says. "It's opened up a whole new palette of tools to creative imagination," agrees Rogers.

"We're seeing stuff that we've never seen before. I mean, up to a point, we thought everything had been done. But then, when you introduced this next generation of computers, it really opened my eyes."

"[The Internet has] given us all an exhibition venue, which is something MuchMusic never gave the indie bands," Rogers says. "Our little music video festival is just as easy for you to find online as MTV. It really is. And that's a really cool thing." **D**

<http://www.imvf.com>

The 6th annual Indie Music Video Festival hits Vancouver at the Railway Club, Wednesday July 18th, 9pm. The Vancouver show features a live performance by Canned Ham.

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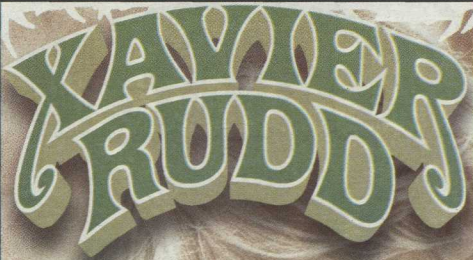
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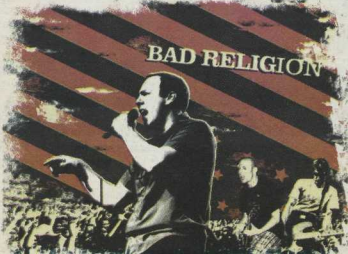
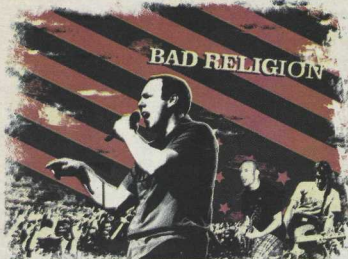
CHECK OUT THE UNSEEN LIVE ALL SUMMER LONG ON THE VANS WARPED TOUR



NO WAR ON THIS RELIGION



BY SARSHAR HOSSEINNIA



I CAUGHT UP WITH JAY BENTLEY

over the phone in Vancouver mere weeks before the bassist joined up to begin yet another tour with the rest of his band mates in the veteran American punk outfit Bad Religion. They are embarking on the two-month long Warped Tour in support of their new album, *New Maps of Hell*.

Bad Religion has never been one to shy away from social issues and responsibility. A huge portion of the band's repertoire from its last 27 years together addresses some connection to the way their country is run. With perhaps the most dangerous President in recent times, George W. Bush, waiting out the end of his eight-year helm in the White House, Bad Religion has moved away from bashing his regime and instead focused on the broader aspects of cultural life. Yet, Bentley insists that there is still work to be done to fix the wrongs made by the current administration.

"With *The Empire Strikes First* (their last album), the focus was still on George Bush. But as his tenure is coming to an end, we (America) have a big mess to clean up. There's not much point in beating a dead horse talking about him. Everybody knows it's rotten to the core, it's redundant. We have to counter the real problems and aim for the future."

continued on page 12

continued from page 11

Bentley even suggested that whoever the next person in charge of the country is must travel the globe and apologize to the people of the world for the damage done by Bush. But even an apology from the new American leader might not be enough to reverse the damage from a war waged for capitalist purposes, under the guises of religion and freedom. That is something that, according to Bentley, will go on forever.

"The Cold War was a power struggle, this war isn't," conceded the Wichita-born father of two. "The only way the US beat the Russians was because Ronald Reagan outspent Russia. You can't outspend a terrorist because it means more to them than money—it's their beliefs. They really don't care."

When it comes to a Bad Religion show, in addition to enjoying the music, fans will hopefully grasp the band's message. According to Bentley, it is fans from Europe who derive a deeper meaning from their lyrics: "In Europe, English isn't the first language, so the fans make more of an effort to study the lyrics and come to realize that America isn't the land of milk and honey."

But all of our fans, whether they come from America, Canada or Europe to see a show, are all like-minded individuals."

Bad Religion will undertake one of the more important tours in the band's long history when it hits 45 cities over the course of the next two months, on the internationally-renowned Warped Tour. Despite over two decades of touring, Bentley and his band-mates still make adequate preparations for a live show. This includes sending emails back and forth between each other about what songs they'd like to play.

Bentley admitted that he still gets butterflies before heading onto the stage. "What I get nervous about is accidents happening, such as the lighting rigs falling over, or if anyone falls off the stage. I get butterflies before I go on because I'm excited, but as soon as that drum roll rises, it all goes away. It's like a rollercoaster ride: as soon as you get to the top, you just let go."

Bentley also notices differences in the crowd reactions from city to city, which makes each concert performance unique. "There are little idiosyncrasies you notice in each crowd, such as the different types of moshing that takes place. For example, you can tell the difference between a California mosh-pit, a Vancouver mosh-pit, or a Texas mosh-pit. It's all about what the people pick up when they go to their respective cities' clubs, and they end up taking that with them to our shows."

With the imminent release of *New Maps of Hell* on July 10, and headlining Warped Tour, Bad Religion feels they are the best they've been in a long while—at least Bentley seems to think so: "I think Brett (Gurewitz)'s and Greg (Graffin)'s writing is phenomenal, and Brooks (Wackerman) and Brian (Baker) and Hets (Greg Hetson), in the band right, now is amazing. We could never have done some of the things

we're doing now in the '80s. Am I still enjoying the music life after 27 years? I hope so, because if I'm not, I'm going home."

Bad Religion plays the Vancouver stop on the Warped Tour July 3 at UBC's Thunderbird Stadium.





SUITE ONE THE PACK

BY
MIKE CHILTON

Guitarist-singer Becky Black and drummer Maya Miller are a bit of an anomaly: they are a female duo who play gritty blues rock that would blow most guys off the stage. And they have been taking Vancouver by storm, one gig at a time. Their debut CD, *Tintype*, recently hit #1 on the CTR charts for the entire month of April—that means no other CD had more spins on the station in the entire month. They followed that up with #1 at Nanaïmo's CHLY for the week of May 8, the same week they began their first tour of Vancouver Island and the Interior.

When you hear their signature blend of smoky vocals, chugging rhythms and buzzsaw guitar, it's not only hard to believe that they're just a duo, but that they've only been playing together as a band for only a year. So what's the secret of their sudden success?

"I like to think that we play honestly," says Miller, the doubles as the band's self-styled publicist and promoter. "We're not posing as anything, if that makes any sense. We're just playing exactly what we'd want to listen to, and I think that's kind of relatable for people. We just want to have a good time, and hope that people like, too."

"There's a couple of other bands that are doing sort of the same thing, the blues-rock and all," admits Black. "I don't know, maybe we put a new spin on it." Their 'spin' is a dirty barroom blues, informed by an aesthetic of American Civil War regalia (Miller is half American and believes some of her relatives fought in that war), and the turn-of-the-century Old West. It's the kind of stuff that you would normally hear from the likes of Robert Johnson or Son House—two of main songwriter Black's musical inspirations. Their spin seems to be working, too. Based on the strength of a handful of high-profile local gigs, as well as press and spins of *Tintype* from such diverse outlets as *Nerve Magazine* and local mainstream radio, their sudden exposure has gotten them a wealth of local gigs, and radio airplay on CBC Radio, CBC Radio 3 and on Seattle mainstream radio.

"It's stressful for me because we don't have a manager or anything yet. So, it's like every night is computer paperwork and that sort of thing, but it's okay," admits Miller. "Whatever. I'm not going to complain about that. I'm pretty happy how it's going...I certainly wasn't expecting everyone to love (*Tintype*)."

"It started with CTR pretty much," says Black. "We gave you guys our little tape." That tape was a demo for Shindig!, CTR's annual battle of the bands, held at the Railway Club. However, their part in last year's competition didn't necessarily go as planned: "We didn't even make it past the second round," laments Miller.

"Oh, it was pretty stressful. The first show, I think I cried in the bathroom after," admits Black.

"Yeah, it was really stressful, but it was 'fun' stressful in that twisted, demented sort of way," agrees Miller. "Like really glad that we did it—and it was great once it was done—it was like, 'Oh, now we can kind of relax.' But it was a really good experience, and I tell everybody I know, if they haven't done it, they should try and enter it because it's the best way to just jump in, because you don't have a choice."

Since last year's Shindig!, The Pack has notched a lot more gigs on their six-shooter belts, including a recent gig in Portland, Oregon: "We had a wicked show and it looks like we're gonna play a goat roast/fish fry in a house that is now a bar called Billy Ray's Dive in August. How flippen cool is that?" exclaims Miller. "Everyone was really nice and accommodating and we got treated like gold...it looks like until we get our American West Coast tour organized, we're going to be playing in Portland and Seattle on everyone else's gear and then bringing them up to Vancouver—sort of a musical cultural exchange. It's pretty great."

The Pack have a corral of local gigs on tap this month, playing July 7 at the Railway, July 14 at Richard's on Richards and July 21 at the Cobalt. Black and Miller are planning their first Eastern Canadian tour, with their new pals in Nanaïmo band The Paperboxes (who they will play the Cobalt gig with), near the end of September.

VANCOUVER SPECIAL DUPLIX



PHOTO BY MIKE CHILTON



PHOTO BY SUSAN

SUITE DEUX

Amy Honey is no stranger to veterans of the Vancouver music scene. She was a founding member of the successful all-girl rock band, Clover Honey, in the late 90s. Her solo career began with a few gigs at the Sugar Refinery, under the name Amy's Rock, while she was still playing with Clover Honey.

"I somehow knew that Clover Honey would be taking a hiatus and wanted to continue to write and record, so I went for it," Amy says. "Sure enough, both Anita (Binder) and Lauree (Thomlinson) decided to settle down for a bit and have babies, and eventually we stopped playing together."

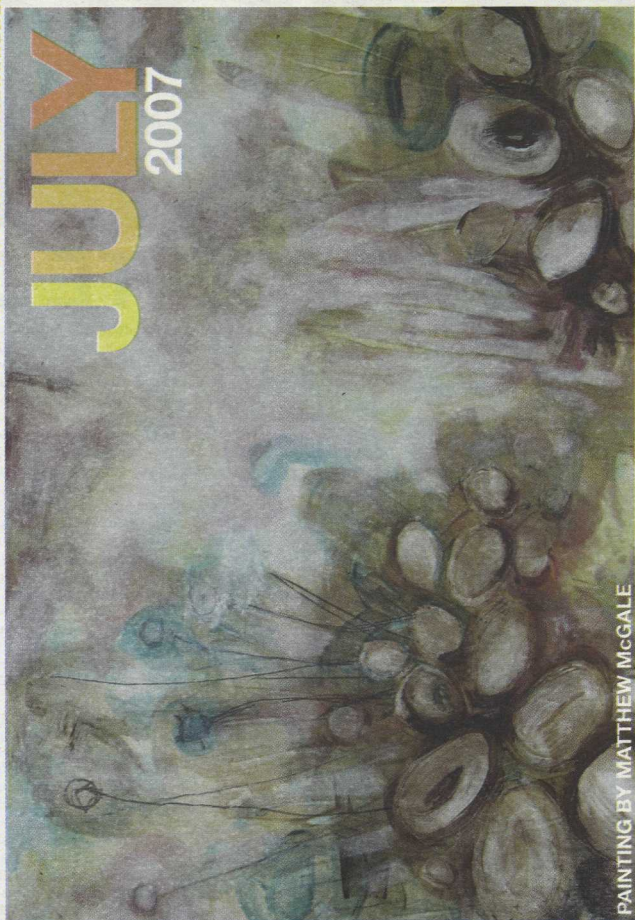
Amy also helped open Red Cat Records almost five years ago, a store specializing in selling local and rare albums. For a time, it also doubled as a record label, releasing Amy's first self-titled CD as well as albums from the likes of The Doers and Tolan McNeil. The independent record store business is not an easy one, however, and the store had to be sold last year.

"Both (my partner) Andrew and I felt like we were losing a child. At a time when we were desperately trying to hang on, the city decided to do a bunch of construction work right in front of our store, thus essentially giving us the final nail in our coffin," Amy says. "Thankfully, our right-hand-man, Dave Gowans (frontman for the Buttless Chaps), stepped up to the 'owning an indie record store' challenge and along with his partner (and bandmate), Lasse, they have managed to keep Red Cat going. This makes me happy because I know that it will survive, but it also breaks my heart because I feel like I lost part of my life's purpose when I sold the store."

Quite often, the most beautiful music is written from a place of grief and sorrow. Amy's latest album, *Pioneer Wöman*, seems to be a perfect example. "I used to have this big, fat, old cat named Buddy. Everything was going fine and dandy with me and the store until Buddy got really sick and died in July of 2005. About five days later, my 24-year-old cousin hit a moose on the highway and was killed instantly. My life suddenly dissolved into shock, darkness and grief, and I picked up my guitar and wrote 'Old Reliable Death,' 'Hopeless' and 'Woods Hag' all in one afternoon," she recalls. "Looking back on the writing process for this record, I think I was subconsciously putting myself in the position of a real pioneer woman; a woman who has lost things that are close to her, but struggles to survive through the tough times, regardless, never giving up, no matter how hard it is. After the losses of that summer, I didn't want to work at the store or even play music, but I forced myself because I think music is a thing that can heal a broken heart."

Recently back from a music showcase in Toronto, Amy is now busy spending her summer in Victoria working with Self Righteous Records, the independent music label that put out *Pioneer Wöman*. "Self Righteous Records was founded in 2004 by Jesse Ladret and Myke Hall," Amy noted. "When they agreed to release *Pioneer Wöman*, I assumed they would operate like I had operated Red Cat Records (the label), but I quickly realized that they had no publicity, distribution or administrative sector in place. So, based on my knowledge of running a label, I offered to step up and help out in these areas. It's a total DIY effort, and for the record, if anyone has a box of money that they'd like to give us, we'd really appreciate it!" www.amyhoney.com

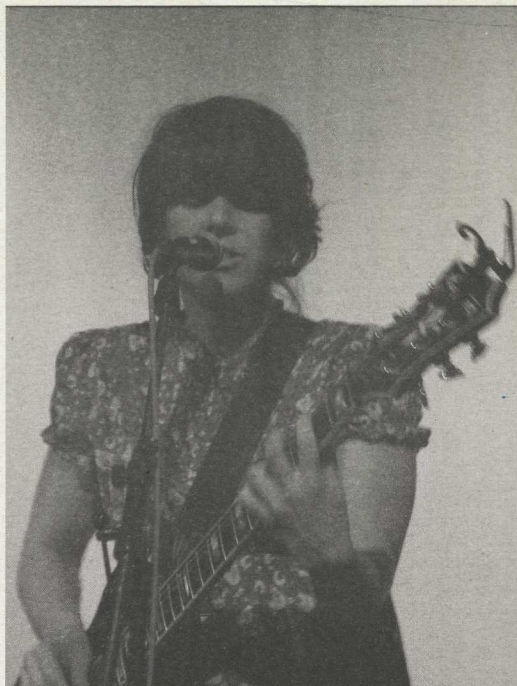
AMY HONEY BY BEN LAI



JULY
2007

PAINTING BY MATTHEW MCGALE

1	Canada Day BBQ w/ Mass Undergoes, Dreams of Treason, Bullets Over Beauty & Ready, Set, Die @ The Media Club The Wooden Sky, Ohbijou & The Smokes @ The Railway	2	bel rise, Alababy & National Frost @ The Lamplighter The Hard Rock Miners Singalong @ The Railway Amos Lee & Chris Kasper @ Commodore Ballroom	3	Language Arts @ The Media Club Warped Tour @ Thunderbird Stadium Warped Tour afterparty with ONEYEDJACKS & The Johnsons @ The Cellar	4	The Album Leaf & Under Byen @ The Plaza Battles @ Richard's on Richards Modern Life is War, Set Foot, Finish Him & Anxiety Attack @ The Sweatshop	5	Bedouin Soundclash @ The Media Club Spread Eagle, Red Hot Lovers, Whyte Hot & Mongoose @ The Plaza Primes, m., muffer & Jim Rebel @ The Lotus Sound Lounge	6	Headwater & Language Arts (Tour Kickoff) @ The ANZA Attics and Cellars & To Bad Catholics @ The Main Joey Only Outlaw Band, The Smokes & At the Controls @ The Railway	7	Ridley Bent @ The Chapel Powell Street Festival presents: Spatial Poetics @ Video In Studios Fucked Up, The Transmitters, Black Breath & Carpenter @ Ukrainian Hall
8	Vancouver DMC Championships @ The Plaza Skip Jensen and his Shakin' Feet, The Travelling Head Case @ The Railway	9	D. Trevion, Rodney DeCroo and Rae Spoon & Hophouse Jr. @ The Railway	10	Maplewood Lane & Ideogram @ The Railway	11	Adrian Sherwood's OnU Soundsystem, Twilight Circus Dub Soundsystem & Big Bass Theory @ The Plaza Subcity Dwellers & The Easy Brothers @ The Railway	12	Neko Case & Sonny Smith @ The Centre for the Performing Arts Pride Tiger, Sports & Taxes @ Richard's on Richards One Night Band & JFK and the Conspirators @ The Railway	13	3 Inches of Blood, Lamb of God, Hatebreed & Behemoth @ Croatian Cultural Centre Bison, Grass City, COBRA, haggatha @ Pub 340 The Polyphonic Spree & Jessica Hoop @ Commodore Ballroom	14	The Pack, The Hits, The Hotel Lobbyists & Vultures @ Richard's on Richards Hele & The Neins Circa @ Hoko Japanese House Go Ghetto Tiger, Castle Grey Skull, Fingers Moran & Hawaiian Bibles @ Pat's Pub
15	Dangers, In Stride, Turn It Around, Living with Lions & No Holding Back @ La Casa Del Artista (150 East 3rd) The Real McKenzies, The Sainte Catherine's & The Mad Caddies @ Richard's on Richards	16	The Ghost is Dancing, The Coast & The Arbitrars @ The Lamplighter Tegan and Sara & Northern State @ Vancouver East Cultural Centre Vancouver Folk Music Festival Wrap @ The Railway	17	Skaveniah & The Skatomatics @ The Plaza Don't Mess with the Pony @ Cafe deux Soles Savannah Wellman, The Great Outdoors & Tariq @ The Media Club	18	Green Mist, Fond of Tigers, Mr. Ugly & Incite @ The Cobalt The Beige, Madisen, Joe MacLeod @ The Media Club	19	Chromeo, Flossradamus & MyGay/Husband! @ The Red Room Los Moscosos & Rastrillos @ The Plaza Dyad, The Neins Circa, The Contraptioneers & Portico @ The Media Club	20	SNFU reunion @ The Cobalt It's A Living Thing, JPNDRDS & Edo @ Hoko Japanese House Agnostic Mountain Gospel Choir, Shloh Lindsey & The Millers @ The Railway	21	The Pack, The Paperboxes & Flatbed @ The Cobalt Dan Mangan & Said the Whale @ The Chapel The Dreadnoughts, Whiskeyjacks & Drunk and Pretending @ The Buffalo Club
22	Ceremony, Shipwreck, Ruiner & Needles @ La Casa Del Artista Azeda Booth & Winning @ The Railway	23	The Modelos @ The Railway Maximo Park & The Monsters are Waiting @ Richard's on Richards	24	Hey Ocean! and friends, the Hey Ocean! fundraiser @ The Media Club Unwritten Law, Retrograde & The Sessions @ The Plaza Sarah McDougall, Pawnshop Diamond & Lily Come Down @ The Railway	25	Tim Turvey, Mindcontrolultra, Wiper, Basement Lizard Ensemble & Poncho McGillicutty @ The Cobalt Tony Baloney and the Rubes & Mistress Jenn @ The Railway	26	Burlesque All Stars @ Celebrities Kevin Kane CD release @ The Railway Wintennits & Lise Monique @ The Lamplighter	27	Engine Light, This Week in History & Bullets Over Beauty @ The Buffalo Club The Marvils, Top Drawers, The Filigrees @ The Railway	28	Only Crime, Bionic & Hostage Life @ The Plaza Pepper Sands @ Cates Park The Manipulators, The Pack, Powell Street Slim @ Cottage Bistro Linda McRae (2-9pm) The Smokes, Hung Jury, Trecherous Machete (9pm) @ The Railway
29	My Fatal Pride & Jimmy Weidog @ The Railway The Cribbs & Sean Na Na @ Richard's on Richards	30	St. Vincent & Death Vessel @ The Lamplighter T. Nile & AA Sound System @ The Railway	31	Brett Dennen @ The Media Club The Fates, Yvette Narlock & Kate Reid @ The Railway								



INDIE ROCK GROWS UP

JULIE DOIRON AND CALVIN JOHNSON KEEP IT REAL ON THE HOMEFRONT

Notorious unties are forged on the sweaty dancefloors of Paris discotheques, and the musical kinship of Julie Doiron and Calvin Johnson is no exception.

"We met quite a few years ago when I was on tour with The Microphones (now Mount Eerie)," said Doiron on the phone outside The Smell, a renovated Los Angeles warehouse space. She and Johnson were preparing for a show there that mid-June evening, moving speakers and merch while they talked.

Johnson, the former Beat Happening frontman and founder of K Records, said the Doiron deal was sealed as they worked together at a Paris music festival in 2005.

"We went to a lesbian disco and danced 'til 4:30 in the morning," he recalled, "and I'm dancing to Mudhoney at 4 a.m. with Julie Doiron and thinking, 'Hey, life ain't so bad.'"

This year, Doiron and Johnson walked their talk and embarked on a North American tour together; they decided to hit a whole June's worth of cities, ranging from Brooklyn to Saskatoon, as a team.

The diverse geographical range of Doiron and Johnson's tour mirrors the polarity of their musical roots.

Doiron hails from Sackville, New Brunswick, where she lives with her husband and three children. She was a guitarist for the band Eric's Trip in the early '90s, and then toured with Ottawa's Wooden Stars through to the early part of the 2000s.

Johnson still lives in Olympia, Washington, and is known as a vanguard of West Coast indie rock. He founded K Records—one-time home of Modest Mouse and Built to Spill—in 1982, at the age of 20. Among others, he has collaborated with The Microphones, The Go! Team and Dub Narcotic Sound System. He has also worked extensively in campus and community radio, beginning in 1977 as an on-air personality at KAOS (the Olympia campus station at Evergreen State College, which is credited with discovering Kurt Cobain). Many consider Johnson to be the 'godfather' of the independent music movement.

While Johnson was seeding the blossoming hothouse of influential indie rock in the Pacific Northwest since the early '80s, Doiron was gaining prominence as an influential artist in her native New Brunswick. She has been part of a growing East Coast music community through more recent years.

"I think the attitude in the early '90s was really kind of an exciting time," said Doiron. "The growth of grunge."

"There was a lull in the mid-'90s and early 2000s. People just stopped going to shows for a while. I don't know why. But now, I find it's kind of back up to where it was," Doiron said. "I still haven't gotten as many people at my shows since Eric's Trip."

"When we started, we'd use cassettes," said Doiron. "You'd just tour, tour, tour."

CONTINUED...

**WORDS BY
JACKIE WONG
PHOTOS BY
CONNIE TSANG**

"But now, with the Internet and everyone's blogs, and whatever, that kind of opened (music) up and made everything a lot easier for people.

"When the Internet started to happen, that's when people from around the world started to talk to each other about music."

A veteran of using analog means of production, such as 8-tracks, for his first projects, Johnson agreed with Doiron's sentiments about the accessibility of music since it went online: "People's homemade projects and things—there's more ability for people to find knowledge if they're interested."

At the same time, Johnson asserts that creative people will always find ways to express themselves and be heard, no matter what the state of contemporary media.

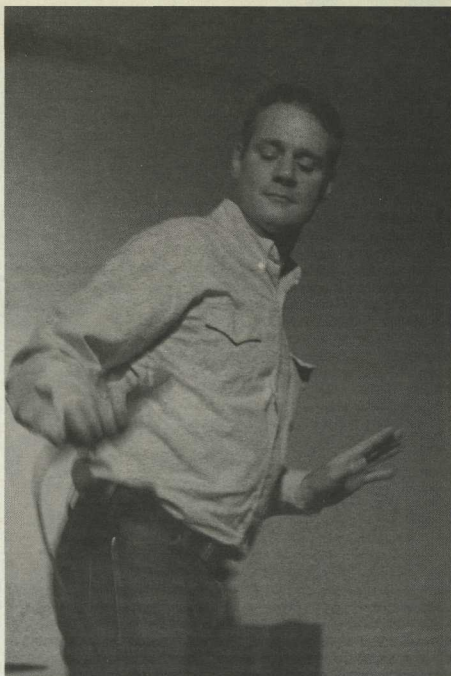
"There's always going to be weirdos doing crazy, cool music. It doesn't matter what. The tools are out there to access it," he said. "People are just creative and they want to express themselves. They use whatever tools are available."

And despite Johnson's prolific work at the forefront of American alternative music, spanning for three decades, he knows there is still much to learn. "I just found out today there's a thing called a Juno, and (Jule) won one," he said. "So it's been very educational."

Education or otherwise, Doiron looks forward to her kids getting out of school for the summer. It is a personal highlight coinciding with the conclusion of her tour. "I get to be home all summer," she said.

Johnson will do a few solo performances in July before he stops touring, then it's back to his home in Olympia, Washington.

If the trajectory of Doiron's and Johnson's careers are any indication, it looks like indie rock is growing up on both coasts. **D**



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REAL



FICTION

SASQUATCH MUSIC FESTIVAL

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At the Sasquatch Music Festival, it was once again Mother Nature, and not an actual band, that stole the spotlight. In 2006, festival goers were pelted with hail that came down from the heavens in biblical proportions. This year, on the second day of the fest, the skies opened wide and an icy wind blew hard enough to scare off some patrons early, as well as temporarily shut down the main stage. Nevertheless, before and after the storm, the festival was filled with its share of musical highlights. Here are a few sets that stuck out as winners:

The Hold Steady – Saturday at 1:30 p.m. on the Main Stage

Mid-afternoon just doesn't seem like an appropriate time to see the Hold Steady, but fists still flew aloft for the band's boozy riffage and Craig Finn's tales of teenage liberation.

The Blow – Saturday at 2:10 p.m. on the Yeti Stage

From a musical perspective, there wasn't much to the Blow's set. Khaela Marich was rolling solo and was joined by only a set of pre-recorded backing tracks. A little charisma can go along way, though, and her storyteller-like set was dripping with it.

Mirah – Saturday at 5:25 p.m. on the Yeti Stage

Mirah's performance was a no-frills affair, but what she lacked in showmanship, she made up for with musicianship. As the air began to cool, she softly rocked the festival's smallest stage with songs that were as gentle as they were gorgeous.

Arcade Fire – Saturday at 9:15 p.m. on the Main Stage

The thing that's astounding about this band is they're actually better in a larger venue. We all know someone who's quick to remind us they saw the band at Mesa Luna or in a loft in Montreal, but this kind of thing only counts if you're in a scenerist pissing contest. The Arcade Fire craft anthems:



big music for big places. And when they stormed Sasquatch's largest stage, they proved that sometimes size does matter.

Patrick Wolf – Sunday at 2:20 p.m. on the Wookie Stage

While Patrick Wolf's *Magic Positions* was a step up from his previous work, the record was still too much glam and not enough substance. In the flesh, however, all its pomp and swagger was gloriously fitting. Wolf's "Accident and Emergency" was one of the single greatest moments of the entire weekend.

Tokyo Police Club – Sunday at 4:45 p.m. on the Wookie Stage

These Torontonians sound a little unpolished on record, but live, all the rough edges are overshadowed by their unbridled energy. They opened with "Cheer it On," and you could see the crowd turning from curious onlookers to instant fans. By the time the group got to "the Nature of the Experiment" a couple thousand of those new friends were clapping along.

Spoon – 7:45 p.m. on the Main Stage

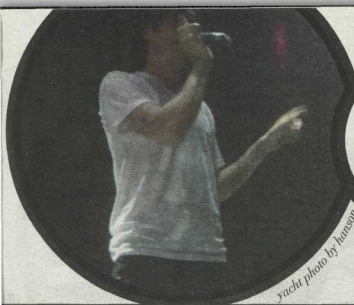
After Spoon's set was postponed due to the inclement weather, the band finally hit the stage more than two hours after they were originally scheduled. However, they were worth the wait. Singer Britt Daniel kept the banter to a minimum, and his less-talk, more-rock attitude was coupled with a set that boasted all killer and no filler.

A ton of other bands haven't been mentioned here. In fact, if you were there, you're probably asking yourself why there were no gushing words about (insert your favourite act here). But that's the thing about a festival of this size: there's something for everyone and not nearly enough time to see it all, let alone discuss it.

Quinn Omori



all sasquatch photos by quinn omori



yacht photo by hansen

ARCHITECTURE IN HELSINKI

+ YACHT

JUNE 14
RICHARDS ON RICHARDS

"Umm, yeah, it stands for Young Americans Challenging High Technology," said Jona Bechtolt, a.k.a. YACHT, to the crowd during his self-imposed mid-set question period. A notable irony, perhaps, considering the nature of his game: a sometimes remixer, drummer, collaborator, artist and all-around one-man dance party freakout show, who utilizes said "high technology" in creating/performing.

During his opening set for Architecture in Helsinki, he was powered by little more than a microphone, a laptop, sneakers and whatever drives him to invent wickedly entertaining capitalist-critiquing commentaries. His performance consisted of his own organ compositions, mixed with phat, slightly goofy beats and seemingly improvised dance routines.

Without trying too hard to maintain his 'cool,' Bechtolt was undeniably awesome and incredibly inspiring. He proved his pudding as a real-life DIY extraordinaire, content with ensuring a good time was had by all without giving a particular fuck about what his audience or critics may dish his way. Yet, this overall confidence appeared to come easily for a guy who displayed all the humility of a stranger handing out candy to a roomful of sugar-starved children. In other words, he gave the people what they didn't know they craved, and did so without unnecessary posturing and self-righteousness.

"Do what you love. Love what you do. It's priceless! It's priceless!" he proclaimed. The majority of his lyrical endeavors were infused with much the same sentiment: outwardly self-evident truths deceptive in their simplicity, yet unpretentious in their contemplative efficiency.

While such an opening act may be tough to follow, this thought was quickly eroded by the energy projected from the growing crowd that gathered for the main event. Architecture in Helsinki took to the stage to overwhelming and pre-emptive acclaim, while I looked downwards from the balcony and considered the irony if it were to collapse in the midst of such an episode.

While I'm far from being the biggest AIH fan, in this particular environment, I'm in the vast minority. Yet, I remained open as I witnessed the ensuing spectacle, where people went ape-shit for these guys. The front row was lined with desperately flirtatious she-fans, armed with batting eyelashes and skin-bearing tops. Fist-pumping boy-nerds and dance-ready fun-seeking types were there, too. And all the while, the drunken dude to my right insisted that I ought to describe the AIH experience as an event akin to a roller-derby, to which I totally agreed.

Inducing as much frenzy and sheer, genuine delight as these guys did is no small feat. Being the comparatively smallest supporter in the room, I may just be a slow convert.

Erica Holt

BSS

+ BONDE DO ROLE

JUNE 6
RICHARDS ON RICHARDS

I went to see Cansei de Ser Sexy to dance and look hot while doing so. But I didn't think I'd have such stiff competition.

From São Paulo, Brazil, the sextet's name translates as "tired of being sexy." Their half-Japanese frontwoman goes by the ejaculation-inducing name of Lovefoxxx and they sing about sex, music, bitches and alcohol. All this seductively matched with simplistic disco beats, surf-inspired guitar riffs and slapdash synths.

Though Brazilian baile-funk opener, Bonde Do Role, were to open, they were absent and no one came to take their place, including their supposed replacement, Busdiver. These no-shows forced the audience to endure a wearing two-hour DJ set before CSS finally took the stage. But thankfully, the Brazilians did a fine job of setting the crowd up for a filthy dance-punk groovefest on their own.

After throwing handfuls of glitter and blowing bubbles, Lovefoxxx, clad in a geometrical-print spandex bodysuit, sprayed potato chips into the delirious crowd. Taunting us with a smirk, she asked, "You want snack?"

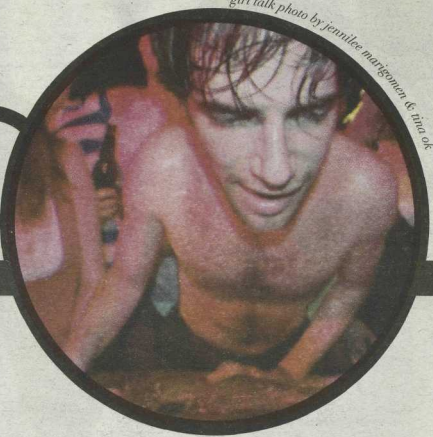
And the crowd ate it up. During "Music Is My Hot Hot Sex" it was impossible not to dance—so much so, it ignited a dance battle between Lovefoxxx and myself. But all the moves I was busting out, she was busting better. Every time I shot her a stellar hip-swallowing attack, she would come back by ripping out some antic like running into the crowd and singing with the mic shoved down her top. Hmmpf.

At one point, she even dragged a wasted-looking fan onstage and toyed with her, like a kitten with a moth. The fan flopped unfortunately about, dropping herself across unwelcoming band members while Lovefoxxx giggled and grinded against her. The vocalist then gave 'the look' to security, and the fan was promptly shoved offstage.

Before long, the encore rolled around. It began with a forgettable new number and ended with "Let's Make Love and Listen to Death From Above." But during my last chance to finally stick it to Lovefoxxx, I realized something: it would be a total embarrassment to get caught up in this woman's antics. Watching her as she stood on a stage cluttered with smashed chips, used Kleenex and discarded Vans, she reminded me of this gymnastics friend I had in Grade 7, who was too hyperactive, too sexy and too insecure for her own good.

Soon after this realization, it was all over. Lovefoxxx held up her chip-encrusted sock to the crowd and yelled, "Look at my sock!" Yes, I did crane my neck to see, but only because I wanted to see her look dirty.

Lena Ross



girl talk photo by jennilee marisouza & tina ok

GIRL TALK

+ DATAROCK

JUNE 9
RICHARDS ON RICHARDS

As trite and clichéd as it may sound, writing a review for Girl Talk's sold-out show, is a pointless undertaking. To sum up a monumental gig such as this one in a few hundred words does not do justice to anyone involved—that includes the performer and the audience. I hate to say it, but you really had to be there. Anyway, here goes nothing.

Openers Datarock took the stage decked out in matching red name-check suits to the sounds of the *Flashdance* soundtrack, dispelling any doubt of the band's affinity for the '80s. Getting off to a rather noisy start with two uncharacteristically guitar-driven songs ("The New Song" and, uh, a new song), the crowd initially seemed a bit taken aback, yet still ready to accept whatever the campy Norsemen threw its way. By the time Datarock turned out "Computer Camp Love," hips started telling the truth, and the night went uphill from then onward. After the duo left the stage, the ridiculously packed Richard's was well-primed for the main event.

If you're not familiar with Girl Talk (a.k.a. Gregg Gillis) by now, you'll most likely be by the end of the year. While certainly not at the peak of his popularity yet, throwing parties every weekend for the past two years has apparently paid off because he's mastered his near-perfect show. Seriously, dude knows every trick for getting people sweaty and keeping them that way.

And, in a way, it doesn't matter what he played. Hundreds of bits from all your favourite songs were thrown together—not bloody 'mashed up,' but symbiotically working together and apart, under the spell of their master. The crowd was pretty awesome, too: looking good, sure, but at the same time not really giving a shit, either. But with the bouncers already familiar with the token stage-rush that comes with every Girl Talk show, they made sure not to let anyone have too much fun.

However, it's hard to gauge how much longer these carefree dance parties will last before the bubble pops. At this rate, Gillis will be performing in much larger venues to much larger crowds, thus disconnecting himself from the audience participation he's become so known for. Before long, you'll probably see him opening for Gwen Stefani, or some such person, in some disgustingly huge space. So if you were at this show, consider yourself one of the lucky ones.

Adam Simpkins



Pipettes photo by michelle mowse

THE PIPETTES

JUNE 15
THE PLAZA

The Pipettes were a tired-looking trio as they finished up their North American tour at the Plaza. It was their twelfth performance in two weeks, and it showed.

The girly mod outfit from the U.K. normally delivers a brand of '60s-esque pop that relies more on energy and attitude than it does originality. Each song is loosely choreographed with enough doo-wops and horizontal slicing-hand moves to fill an Austin Powers movie twice over.

But unfortunately, the Pipettes' Vancouver performance lacked the necessary polish to pull off a style of music that doesn't bring anything new to the table. Doing the mod thing is fine, but since it's been done so many times, it has to done well to succeed.

On this particular night, the songs were virtually indistinguishable, as the sound at the Plaza wasn't much better than at a high school gym. This, along with limp choreography and lackluster energy, combined for a boring performance.

The girls didn't seem to take it all that seriously. Sometimes they'd walk across the stage to say something to another member mid-song, and when they became dissatisfied with the sound guy, they would stop and give him the evil eye. Considering most of the songs have synchronized dance moves, such antics were distracting and came off as amateurish.

This casual attitude might be a strength or a weakness, depending who you ask. On the one hand, the Pipettes' live performance has the feel of a trio of fun-loving friends braving the mic at a wedding, with no estranging star quality to distance the audience from the band. But on the other hand, this show wasn't free, and concert goers should be able to leave feeling like they saw a performance better than one which could easily be replicated at a mod-themed birthday party.

As for the four male backing musicians, known as the Cassettes, they too seemed to lack a certain polish that would have improved the performance. Despite wearing homemade yellow vests embroidered with their initials, the occasional baseball hat and an uneven aesthetic made their image seem half-assed, to say the least.

However, there was a highlight to all this. During the encore, teenage openers Smoosh joined the Pipettes on stage. The Smooshers had a gay old time jumping up and down and belting out the final pair of songs with abandon.

If only the Pipettes had some of that energy and conviction, this night could have perhaps been a worthwhile experience.

Rob Peters



ARCADE FIRE

MAY 24
DEER LAKE PARK

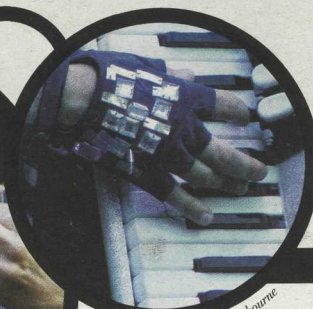
The sun was just setting behind the trees of Deer Lake Park as concert goers giggled and shuffled their feet. They anxiously adjusted positions, waiting with anticipation for the event ahead. People swatted at bugs attempting to take refuge in their summer jackets, and those seated on the grass ambled to their feet to better their view. The stage was set perfectly at the bottom of the slope, and, as the last of the instruments were tuned and set into place, Arcade Fire appeared.

As soon as the band took their positions, they started right into their set. The crowd bounced and twisted as it received each note and verse, absorbing the sound and sending its energy in return. "We don't want to influence you or anything," crowed vocalist Win Butler, "but it sure is nice to know you're appreciated." And with this, the audience took off into a frenzy of hoots and hollers that could be heard towns away. Playing through a solid set of songs, Arcade Fire finally reached "Rebellion (Lies)," where the emotion and volume of the audience shook the park with gratitude.

Before returning for an encore, the band brought out a cardboard cut-out of Butler to centre stage. It matched the singer's outfit to every detail, except it was without his face. When the band broke back into song with "My Body Is a Cage" from their latest album, *Neon Bible*, Butler stood at the back of the stage, and as he sang, his face was projected onto cut-out, making for a rather stunning effect. And things like this went on throughout the show, like when little, hidden video cameras filmed each band member, projecting their images in and out of focus on screens behind them.

When Arcade Fire came to their grand finale, nobody wanted them to go. If you asked anyone in attendance what they thought, chances are they'd say this was one of the most amazing shows they'd ever attended.

Sarah Fischer



all arcade fire photos by meg bourse

THE TOWN PANTS

10TH ANNIVERSARY LIVE ALBUM RECORDING

MAY 27
BLARNEY STONE

Clichés tend to lack conviction. Just because a phrase is repeated and sounds dull, it doesn't mean it's false. How often is the sentiment echoed that listening strictly to a CD limits perspective on a band? Well, no matter how often you've heard this, it definitely holds true for the Town Pants. Without seeing them live, it's impossible to catch the genuine essence of the band, whose show is an experience that leaves a lasting impression.

On this night, the Town Pants made their return to the Blarney Stone where the band was originally incarnated 10 years ago. Throughout the evening there was Celtic dancing, a jeering chorus of patrons and raised mugs, as band members repeatedly made toasts. The roof of the Blarney barely capped the energy and euphoria of the concert goers, who never slowed down—even after last call.

While watching the Town Pants, one can't help but appreciate the versatility of its members, as they effortlessly switched roles and instruments. At times, Aaron Chapman would take the mic, at others, Duane Keogh would lead. Dave Keogh was also equally impressive as he alternated between banjo, guitar, vocals, mandolin and tin whistle. Joining the band only a year ago, Virginia Schwartz added another element to the band, as well. She played the fiddle with so much energy and poise that she made it look easy.

Throughout the night, the Town Pants expressed their gratitude to their cult-like following here on the West Coast. The band shared interesting anecdotes, from their humble beginnings in Vancouver, and of course, to their first performance at the Blarney. But not only were the Town Pants celebrating 10 years together, they were also welcoming the release of a new album. Fans had traveled abroad from as far as New York to celebrate the special night, which was actually being recorded live.

Honestly, I had seldom listened to Celtic music before, and knew fuck-all about Celtic dancing, yet I never felt out of place. The energy of the band and audience was amazing. I was even ready to dance and try to pick up a few Celtic moves in the process. It was a wonderful night all around.

Nick Pannu

All Smiles
Ten Readings of a Warning

All Smiles 10 Readings of a Warning

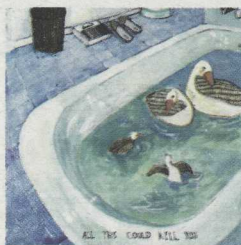
(Dangerbird Records)

All Smiles is Jim Fairchild's solo project and *Ten Readings of A Warning* his first solo outing since his days in the band *Grandaddy*.

This album was almost entirely created on an 8-track, recorded for no money in living rooms up and down the West Coast and mixed by Brian Deck (*Iron and Wine*, *Modest Mouse*). Surrounding himself with talented musicians such as Janet Weiss (*Sleater Kinney*, *Quasi*), *Joe Plummer* (*Modest Mouse*, *Black Heart Procession*), Danny Seim (*Menomena*), and Solon Bixler (*Great Northern*), Jim Fairchild has put together a very delicate and inspired album with airy passages and lighthearted songwriting. His vocals may not be striking, but it sounds warm, honest, intimate and beautifully melancholic sometimes. Can we call that Lo-Fi Folk Pop kind of music, or a '70s-feeling melodic pop trip? I don't know, and personally, I don't really care. Just by hearing the beautiful "Of Course It's Not Up To Me" or the perfect orchestration of "Leave Love" should be enough to convince anyone to go and get this album.

Simple melody, acoustic guitar, piano chords and Jim Fairchild's floating vocals are what this album is about. And if you've just broke up with your girlfriend, the melancholia of *Ten Readings of a Warning* might certainly be the appropriate summer soundtrack to think things over, or maybe just to rub it in. In a nutshell, All Smiles isn't going to blow you away, but it can move you on a certain level, and that's more than enough to appreciate the album.

Henri Cording



Ben + Vesper All This Could Kill You

(Sounds Family)

Balance is a delicate art: shift a bit too much in one direction or another and it's thrown. As a result, striking the so-called 'perfect balance' is tricky business and rarely does anyone get it truly right. However, some individuals come mighty close—Ben + Vesper being two of them.

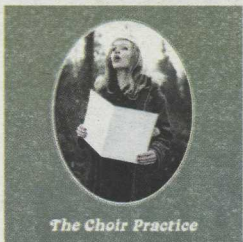
On *All This Could Kill You*, the husband-and-wife duo weave a patchwork of various sounds and styles, play one element off another and, ultimately, make an elegant balancing act out of their debut. Touches of avant-pop, folk and mid-'90s slowcore all can be heard, but no one genre dominates; rather, they all intermingle into a cohesive whole, which at times can be light, floating and beautiful, and at others, tough and dissonant.

With this union of harmony and disharmony, it should come as little surprise then that *All This Could Kill You* is produced by Daniel Smith, who's made a career out of this approach with his own *Danielson* projects. His rich, organic production instills the record with a warm and generally inviting air, giving equal weight to Ben's deep *Scott Walker*-style voice (typically accompanied by Vesper's harmonies) and the intricate arrangements that back it. A few other members of Smith's family also join Ben + Vesper, such as the producer's wife Elin, brother David, and friend Sufjan, who help contribute to the variety of stringed instruments, organs, and percussive devices that fill the album.

Only for a brief period in the record's middle section do Ben, Vesper and friends stumble slightly. A few overly dark numbers, such as "The Stomach" and "Force Field," drag in comparison to the more optimistic, upbeat ones, like "Rockaway Twp" and "An Honest Bluff" (a track that sounds remarkably like *American Analog Set* meets *Bedhead*).

But overall, Ben + Vesper are rarely thrown, carefully balancing all weights and measures into an album well worth investigating.

Brock Thiessen



The Choir Practice The Choir Practice

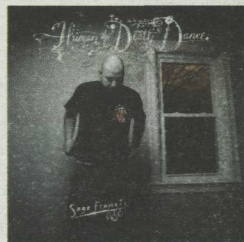
(Dangerbird Records)

There has been a lot of hype surrounding The Choir Practice's debut album. This brought me to believe that a linear picture was a sarcastic pure white esthetic from dirty hipster chicks. Well, I was wrong, unless they hide it really well. As the first song started with a lame pop guitar melody, followed by crammed glittering white christmas female vocals, I waited for something interesting to develop, but after the fifth song, my hopes were down. It was quite difficult to listen to the album through to its end. I wondered why so many reviews underline group leader *Coco Culbertson*'s (bassist from *the Gay*) supposedly original choir idea. Perhaps all those critics get excited seeing a bunch of indie pseudo-cool musicians making utterly uncool music. This so-called innovative organization seems to be based on image rather than music. Mint Records definitely hit a great marketing coup by releasing an

album with some of their best-selling artists (the *Gay* and *the New Pornographers*). Some people will love this simply because they really, really want to love it.

Now, I may just be the wrong person to review this genre of music. Most of the artists in the Choir Practice are venerable and talented local musicians. So, I suggest you don't get influenced by who's in the group, but rather get this album if you love thick, soft female vocal arrangements accompanied by subtle, clean pop music arrangements. I personally can't hack it, but still, it's a very talented group of musicians. The name is appropriate, though; it sounds just like a choir practice to me.

Maude Lachaine



Sage Francis Human The Death Dance

(Epitaph)

Sage Francis is back for his third album, and this is probably the most difficult of his works to get into. This veteran underground rapper has matured greatly with time, and this album is probably the most complex thing he has produced yet. *Human the Death Dance* is alienating compared to his sophomore work, *A Healthy Distrust*, which is perhaps his most enjoyable. He has toned down the humour and the politics to create something that is a lot more introspectively personal than that previous endeavour.

This new album is very aware of the criticism that has been directed at the artist who has been described as the emo of the rap world. The comparison has never seemed apt, as Francis tends to draw on humour and anger as much as he does on the sorrow of emo. The comparison is not completely without merit, though, as some of the tracks on this album come across as an overly defensive whine directed at critics who attempt to pigeonhole Francis as 'the emo rapper' or 'the white rapper.' Such rhymes tend to draw attention to these comparisons and invite the listener to test the validity of the claims, leading this reviewer to wonder if he might have done a better job avoiding these labels by simply ignoring them altogether. However, it is hard to claim that *Human the Death Dance* lacks the quality of his previous works, as it is merely the content Francis delivers that has changed. While this album certainly gives a more in-depth look into the soul of the rapper, it is harder to identify with as a listener.

Despite the misgivings I have about this album, it does have a couple stellar tracks to discover on it, in particular "Got Up This Morning," a collaboration with *Buck 65* and *Jolie Holland*. Francis has drawn on a number of friends to make beats on this record, including the aforementioned Canadian, *Alias*, *Sixtoo*, and *Reanimator*, which at least keeps the beats interesting, if not the rhymes.

Jordie Sparkle



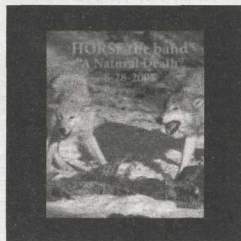
A Ghost to Kill Again

A Ghost to Kill Again

(Independent)

This sounds really good, and it's all really hard to play, but I wish it had a little more energy. When people say shit like, "Woah, dude, those guys are so good they probably rock out in their sleep!" this is hopefully not what they mean. Don't get me wrong, it's really technical and good. The drummer, in particular, kills. However, it gets boring. My favourite song is the two-minute instrumental break in the middle. No other song is less than twice as long as that though.

Justin Banal



HORSE the band

A Natural Death

(Koch)

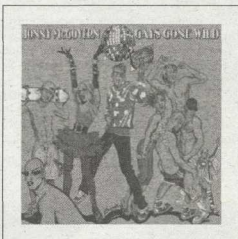
Here we have the third full-length release from HORSE the band, self-proclaimed pioneers of the "Nintendocore" genre. But instead of the frenetic video game theme song covers of *The Advantage* (the other main Nintendo-inspired group out there), HORSE punish us with aggressive metalcore peppered with bursts of vintage console sounds. In actual fact, those old-school touches are only present on a few tracks of *A Natural Death*. With the exception of an attention-grabbing solo on "I Think We Are Both Suffering From The Same Crushing Metaphysical Crisis," such sounds are used rather unspectacularly.

So what does that leave us with? Several songs are fairly straightforward in their fast, heavy attack, while elsewhere there are

numerous exploratory moments. It seems to me like there could have been a lot more discretion in the track selection: at 16 songs, forced-artsy moments like "The Beach" (built around samples of someone crying) should have been easy cuts, but somehow they snuck in. The bouncy "Sex Raptor" incorporates elements of *New Order* and *The Cure*, but is too jarring a departure from the band's metallic oeuvre. The horribly cheesy "Kangarooster Meadows" is just one more track better left unheard.

The album came along with a promo description, speaking of 'epic soundscapes, evoking 'the vastness and emptiness of the universe'. However, its more inspiring moments—such as "I Think..." and its expansive range of sound, or the slow angst of "New York City"—don't lock into any meaningful flow or concept. What HORSE needs here is more focus: either stick to simpler metalcore and curb the aspirations to high art, or fully plunge into experimentalism and leave behind all the one-dimensional riffs. The sad thing is, even in taking either of these approaches, what's left of *A Natural Death* would be nothing to get terribly excited about.

Simon Foreman



Jonny McGovern

Gays Gone Wild

(Gay/Nerd Music)

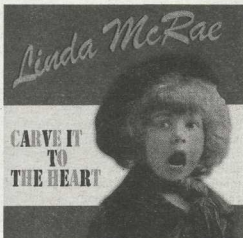
Novelty singles get old fast, and the artists behind them tend to fare similarly. *Chumbawamba* have aged like mayonnaise. *Right Said Fred* are most likely selling insurance by now, and last year's semi-serious sensation *Kelly* ("Those Shoes are Mine, Bitch!") is about six months from trading her electroclash revival act in for a full-time job frying meat at Burger King.

It's a little weird, then, that five years after New York nightlife impresario Jonny McGovern (better known as the Gay Pimp to his fans) blanketed gay bars across North America with "Soccer Practice"—a single-entendre-filled musical exploration of the exotic possibilities inherent in the men's locker room—he's managed to release *Gays Gone Wild*, a follow-up album which is not only equally raunchy, but also surprisingly listenable. The album's twelve tracks, produced by fellow New Yorker, Adam Joseph ("Flow With My Soul," "Faggoty Attention"), are a fresh blend of skittering electronic beats, crunchily synthesized bass loops, and gospel-inflected backing vocals. McGovern's sound is much fuller, more energetic, and more upbeat than

the booming, minimalist percussion of the current Top 40 singles he both aspires to and satirizes.

Gays Gone Wild, of course, is not for everyone. The album, although tongue-in-cheek, is entirely about gay sex and getting drunk with go-go boys. Even people who are okay with queer culture might not be entirely comfortable listening to songs like "Girl, I Fucked Yo' Boyfriend" or "Dick Swang Out!" but for those who enjoy hearing about naked dudes, *Gays Gone Wild* is twelve tracks of dirty gay fun. The album's first single, "Something for the Fellas (That Like the Fellas)," has been on the top spot on the Logo Network's Click List for the past two months straight for a reason: underneath the sequins and raunch, Johnny McGovern has the talent to be more than just a one-hit wonder.

Maxwell Maxwell



Linda McRae

Carve It to the Heart

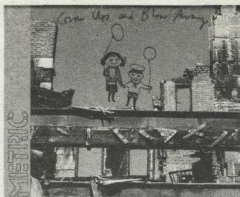
(Black Hen Music)

When talking about depression-era-inspired country, there's usually a few failsafe terms freely bandied about the subject: 'lazy midsummer days porch jams,' 'last call saloon music,' 'murder balladry,' 'torch song country,' 'hurlin' music,' and the like. Thing is, with Linda McRae's third solo effort, these are more truisms than clichés.

With this local roots songstress' nods to the lineage of *Kitty Wells* to *Loretta Lynn* still as intact and as confident as ever, McRae's music bridges the gap between such icons in the genre as *Patsy Cline* to *Oh Susanna* without missing a step or coming off glib. Meanwhile, McRae's odes to music from our grandparents' time make modern-day listeners nostalgic for a time that only ever really existed in Westerns and Gunslinger serials. But we don't mind that at all.

However, this album would not be what it is without the group of local semi-regulars from McRae's previous two solo efforts. It features *Paul Pigat* on upright bass, Canadian Country Hall of Fame artist *Gary Fjellgard* on background vocals and *Stephen Nikleva* on guitar and mandolin, among others. This is yet another McRae recording that has the easygoing feel of old musical pals getting together to jam for an afternoon, tell stories and reminiscence. We reap the benefits of the seeds of creativity she and her crew work diligently to sew.

Mike Chilton



Metric

Grow Up and Blow Away

(Last Gang Records)

Songs about death and grey skies aren't usually synonymous with Metric or *Emily Haines*, but 2001's *Grow Up and Blow Away* is exactly those things. Ranging from the summery, echoing tales in "London Halllife" (included on this re-release), to the almost-operatic tune "Soft Rock Star," Metric's long-shelved debut album is a far cry from the heavy riffs in "Monster Hospital," or the experimental electro-pop on "Dead Disco"—so much so that Haines chose to deny it even existed, as Metric's sound changed over the years. But with the international success of Haines's solo album, *Knives Don't Have Your Back*, and new interest from die-hard fans, the band has been rewarding fans for their newfound intrigue by playing songs from the album live. Last Gang Records released this lost album as Metric prepares for the release of their fourth album, slated for the fall.

Grow Up and Blow Away starts off with the bleak title track, featuring only the two original members, Haines and guitarist James Shaw (bassist Josh Winstead and drummer Jolles Scott-Key had not yet been added), allowing the duo to experiment with electronics without the thumping basslines and prog-rock drumming they now have. "On The Sly" is an artsy play for acceptance, not dissimilar to the *Yeah Yeah Yeah's* signature sound: a cleverly-inserted guitar solo distances this song from the more 60s-influenced 'summer of love' feel that other songs on the album incorporate. "Soft Rock Star" is sung in a very low key throughout. While that tune is hummable, perhaps the song may have worked better with Haines singing normally. "Raw Sugar" is possibly the dankest, most vibrant song on the whole album, with a beginning almost identical to *Dr. Dre's* "Still D.R.E." On this track, layers of Haines's voice and simple piano crash the song progressively. "London Halllife" talks about Haines's desire to get over her mid-life crisis, and the sombre, almost distant vocals compliment this song perfectly: it is a lonesome track full of regret and disdain at being beaten down by life.

There are a couple of other tracks that were originally intended to be on the album, but were withdrawn on the re-release. "Parkdale," which used plentiful horns and a *Deborah Harry*-esque rap in a sea of mild dub/reggae, perhaps should have been kept on the album, because it is a far cry from the tub-thumping electro-thrash Metric now plays. Despite these exclusions, it's still obvious why so many of the loyal fanatics of the band have been lobbying for the long-awaited re-release of this album.

Sarshar Hosseinnia

Under review continued



Lou Reed

Hudson River Wind Meditations

(Sounds True)

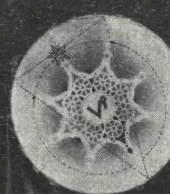
Considering Lou Reed's most famous instrumental opus, *Metal Machine Music*, is a howling cacophony of wailing feedback and a possible middle finger to contractual obligation, then *Hudson River Wind Meditations*, his new vocal-less release, is entirely dissimilar to its predecessor's construction. As the liner notes state, this album has been composed to facilitate meditation, the practice of Tai Chi, and is meant to be "music to play in the background of life." It's soft wind-like rhythms or long-thrumming drones are gentle but insistent. In the 35 years between the reverberant clamour of the one record, and the gradual throbbing electronics of the other, there has been a clear change of mood and intent.

Reed has often been distinguished as contrary, but *Hudson River Wind Meditations* will not shock the listener; nor will it be as surprising as his Edgar Allan Poe concept album that came before it. For all the perversity and myth that surrounds the unholy noise of *Metal Machine Music*, it was nonetheless created as a serious piece of art (or as Lester Bangs said, "to be taken every day like vitamins"). Now, there may be cynical guffaws over aging rock stars producing indulgent ambient soundtracks for the pace of their twilight years, but these new compositions are successful in moving beyond the more pedestrian constraints of the oeuvre. Instead of sounding like a soon-forgotten generator humming in the corner, where a stereo is situated, the aural textures of these pieces probe and surround to create the ideal atmospherics for a journey into inner spaces.

Hudson River Wind Meditations offers little for those who want a repeat of Reed's previous art rock incarnations, or another chapter of his particular brand of street poetry. Two of the four tracks are around 30 minutes long, repetitive, and completely different from the other extended works in his back catalogue. There is nothing that resembles "Sister Ray," or even "Street Hassle," but as a suite of slow electronic pieces, the album delivers the subtlety and the detail required for meditation. It also exists as an engaging background, without the use of a crescendo of angry guitar feedback.

Christian Martius

Patti Smith (with c...)



Patti Smith

Twelve

(Columbia)

Following Patti Smith's recent induction into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, a somewhat fusty institution, her album *Twelve* is a rather obvious collection of post-induction, conservative cover versions. Museum pieces of *Hendrix*, *The Beatles*, *The Rolling Stones* and *The Doors* all appear among a roll call of other recognizable baby boomer artists. Apart from Smith's distinct drawl, there is nothing that differentiates these songs from the abundance of other bland

cover versions. The band may be replicating the originals to perfection, but most of the songs are too well-known to be enjoyed as a by-the-numbers remake, and there is little hint of any inherent artistry capable of transcending the mundane. Smith's backing is lacklustre and perfunctory, and mostly offers repetition of overly familiar material. Such familiarity breeds contempt, with yet another dull retread of "White Rabbit" or "Gimme Shelter."

Considering the vitality of Smith's previous transformations of traditional rock songs back in the 1970s (*Van Morrison* and *The Who*), this new compilation is a big disappointment. It is also an indicator of how an artist can go from a position of high regard to self-regard over a period of time. If the majority of the covers included are unable to refresh, or even add an interesting slant to the originals, the purpose of the enterprise seems superfluous. Overall, *Twelve* exists as an empty vanity project when compared to the brilliance of her legacy.

Despite the slick of indie complacency, there are a few scant surprises. The Dylan number, "Changing of the Guards," is fairly obscure and there are songs chosen by *Tears for Fears* and later-period *Paul Simon*. Only on Smith's take of Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit" does any invention make itself apparent. Complete with a middle-eight poetry rendition, and composed as a bluegrass dueling banjo song, this version of very familiar material towers above its more routine neighbours. It is a shame none of the other 11 tracks were recorded in the same fashion.

Like the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame itself, *Twelve* can't help but come off as self-congratulatory and maybe a little redundant. The vibrancy of music isn't meant for the museum, or to be repeated with a lack of imagination. For an artist who used to be consequential, even when covering other people's songs, this album is a bit of a blunder.

Christian Martius



Wassabi Collective

Stories Not Forgotten

(Independent)

Fresh from a morning high, a cool breeze in the air helped put my feet back on the ground. Listening to Wassabi Collective's new album, *Stories Not Forgotten*, a mix of dub, reggae and tranquil soft-rock, only eased the mood.

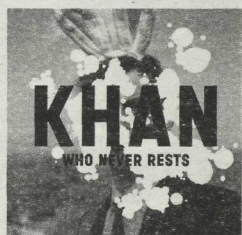
The tense moments I felt leading up to a telephone interview I conducted with *Bad Religion* bass player Jay Bentley were replaced, after the relaxed chat, with euphoric calm and controlled pleasure, and if ever there was the perfect album to listen to when in your own world then Wassabi Collective's just released third album surely has to be a top contender. The yet-to-be-designed five-piece band from Nelson B.C. serve up a fresh flavour of music to chill to: with their space-like guitar hooks and percussionist Melissa Meretsky's strangely rasta-like, jazzy voice.

Perfect reggae for a perfect day is the best way to describe Wassabi Collective, but the band also incorporates tribal jazz, folk music and soul into their sound to create

a positive vibe and progressive energy that make this album easy to listen to, and even more fun to groove to. The long instrumentals in between vocals keep the interest in songs going, especially with the breezy "Dune"; Meretsky's soaring vocals coupled with Brent "Gisto" Hongisto's Santana-influenced guitar solos bring a touch of psychedelia to the already diverse-sounding album. "Belly-Up," one long instrumental, is the focal point of the album; a lengthy wild Western sound piece, akin to something off *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, the song fits in despite the difference in genre from the rest of the album. Other tunes such as the transcendental "Forever" and the straight-up dub reggae "Counterman," with lyrics about angels, planting seeds and the earth, cement Wassabi Collective as pioneers of organic reggae.

At the end of the album there is an added piece where Meretsky raps over the band's combined beat-boxing efforts, an impressive ending to a magically mellow album. Like the *Easy Star All Stars* hit album, *Radiodread*, or *Michael Franti's* *Yell Fire*, Wassabi Collective's *Stories Not Forgotten* is certain to be a major influence on the new reggae sound that is taking Vancouver by storm.

Sarshar Hosseini



Khan

Who Never Rests

(Tomlab)

Maybe it's just that the first two tracks are "Excommunication" followed by "Satan backwards," but there's definitely something very irreverent about Khan's *Who Never Rests*. Nothing is sacred and everything, from goth rock to jazz to funk, is ripe for Khan's makeovers. The results are sometimes great, like the awesomely funky "I Got To," and at other times they are just plane silly, but always fun.

The picture on the back shows an oddly-dressed man, with dyed white hair (or is that a wig?), leading a horse through a field. If this is Khan, then it would seem like getting laid is not one of his top priorities. However, if the album has any common theme, it is sex. The libidino simply drips off the vocals, the beats scream "fuck me" and with choruses like, "I got to / I got to / I got to do it to you," well, I think you get it. Some of it feels a bit raunchy, and subtle it ain't, but if you're looking for the soundtrack to that dirty porn party you were planning, look no further.

Like I said, the main draw of this album is its fun factor. Whether Khan is hammering your ears with musical testosterone, grooving in smooth, jazzy beats, or simply taking you back to when *Fatboy Slim* was cool (although whether this was an actual time period is debatable), it's a fun ride. The album does get a little tedious after a while; not really one that you could handle on repeat. However, if you need some energy for a drunken spring cleaning or want to throw a little curve ball into a dance party. Khan's your man.

Jack Prus

Phonemes

There's Something We've Been Meaning To Do

(Blocks Recording Club)

OK, I'm a sucker for sheik packaging, so I'll freely admit that, upon seeing the handmade sleeves for this album, I was predisposed towards it. However, once I popped it in and gave it a listen, it did not disappoint. I mean, come on, who wouldn't be charmed by a beautiful woman's voice singing, "I met a man who thought he was a tree / All those below better watch out for his leaves"?

The whole album has a very dream-like quality to it. The first track is sparse and gentle, making the listener a feel they are being put under a spell or hypnotized. Once the energy builds up, and the first touches of drums come in halfway through the second track, it is with the feeling of laughter bubbling up to the surface. After this, one is truly under a spell and the Phonemes are free to whisk you away to a land of rainbows and daisies—where time moves at a slower pace, and images and ideas flitter in and out of consciousness. The album's gentleness is interspersed with moments of childlike energy. Moments of percussion hit all that much harder since they are so rare. Every little seamless transitions into a high.

If I have a criticism it may be that, since the album is so dreamy and hypnotic, some of it can easily float by unnoticed. I've listened to it several times and still I find myself hard-pressed to remember some of the songs in the middle. However, this is not necessarily because they are either bad or not noteworthy, it is simply that while listening to the album, one feels truly transported and it is easy to get lost in the spell it creates. If one ever strays too far, there are plenty of memorable moments to shock one back, like the delightfully unexpected eastern European, Jewish, folk sounding "Lewis." So, I guess my only real complaint is that, goddam it, I just can't stop singing the mantra-like chorus of "Pain Perdue." Fuck the Phonemes.

Jack Prus



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-Chart

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CITR CHARTS!

CITR's charts reflect what has been spun on the air for the previous month. Artists with stars alongside their names (*) are from this great land o' ours. Most of these platters can be found at finer (read: independent) music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find them there, give our Music Director a shout at 604-822-8733. His name is Luke. If you ask nicely, he'll tell you how to get them. To find other great campus/community radio charts check out www.earshot-online.com.

Strictly the
dopest hits of
June 2007

#	Artist	Album	Label
1	Lightning Dust*	<i>Lightning Dust</i>	Jagjaguwar
2	The Choir Practice*	<i>The Choir Practice</i>	Mint
3	Montag*	<i>Going Places</i>	Car Park
4	The Bloggers*	<i>The Bloggers</i>	Hockey Dad
5	3 Inches Of Blood*	<i>Fire Up The Blades</i>	Roadrunner
6	Wednesday Night Heroes*	<i>Guilty Pleasures</i>	BYO
7	Frog Eyes*	<i>Tears Of The Valedictorian</i>	Scratch
8	The Horrors	<i>Strange House</i>	Stolen Transmission
9	The Pipettes	<i>Your Kisses Are Wasted On Me</i>	Universal
10	Rick White*	<i>Memoiraper</i>	Blue Fog
11	Mark Sultan*	<i>The Sultanic Verses</i>	In The Red
12	Lavender Diamond	<i>Imagine Our Love</i>	Matador
13	Tiger Army	<i>Music From Regions Beyond</i>	Helicat
14	Amy Honey*	<i>Pioneer Woman</i>	Self Righteous
15	Pissed Jeans	<i>Hope For Men</i>	Sub Pop
16	Mary Timony Band	<i>The Shapes We Make</i>	Kill Rock Stars
17	Black Rebel Motorcycle Club	<i>Baby 81</i>	RCA
18	Patti Smith	<i>Twelve</i>	Columbia
19	Junior Major*	<i>Tic Tac Heart</i>	Independent
20	Fursaxa	<i>Alone In A Dark World</i>	ATP
21	Unicorn/Torso*	<i>Split</i>	Divorce
22	The Crabs	<i>Sand And Sea</i>	Independent
23	Nonloc	<i>Between Hemispheres</i>	Strange Attractors Audio House
24	Yoko Ono	<i>Yes, I'm A Witch</i>	Astralwerks
25	Ugly Beats	<i>Take A Stand With The Ugly Beats</i>	Get Hip

#	Artist	Album	Label
26	The Vells	<i>Nux Vomica</i>	Rough Trade
27	Bjork	<i>Volta</i>	Atlantic
28	Plants	<i>Photosynthesis</i>	Strange Attractors Audio House
29	Carolyn Mark*	<i>Nothing Is Free</i>	Mint
30	+DDG+	<i>A Grizzly Tableau of Carnage</i>	Harsh Noise
31	Elliott Smith	<i>New Moon</i>	Kill Rock Stars
32	Patrick Wolf	<i>Magic Position</i>	Low Altitude
33	Maximo Park	<i>Our Earthly Pleasures</i>	Warp
34	The Clientele	<i>God Save The Clientele</i>	Merge
35	Immaculate Machine*	<i>Fables</i>	Mint
36	Bonde Do Rolê	<i>With Lasers</i>	Domino
37	Boris with Michio Koriyama	<i>Rainbow</i>	Drag City
38	Ulrich Schnauss	<i>Quicksand</i>	Domino
39	Do Make Say Think*	<i>You, You're History In Rust</i>	Constellation
40	Matthew Dear	<i>Asa Breed</i>	Ghostly International
41	Various Artists/Stars*	<i>Do You Trust Your Friends</i>	Arts and Crafts
42	Electrelane	<i>No Shouts No Calls</i>	Too Pure
43	Shearing Pinx*	<i>Poison Hands</i>	Gilgongo
44	M. Ward	<i>To Go Home EP</i>	Merge
45	Secret Mommy*	<i>Plays</i>	Ache
46	The Neins Circa*	<i>Sleeves and Wigs</i>	Copperspine
47	Datarock	<i>Datarock</i>	Nettwerk
48	Xiu Xiu	<i>Remixed and Covered</i>	SPC
49	The Cinematic Orchestra	<i>Ma Fleur</i>	Ninja Tune
50	Rufus Wainwright*	<i>Release The Stars</i>	Geffen

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CITR 101.9 FM PROGRAM GUIDE

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	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
6am							
7am	BBC	BBC	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
8am							
9am	TANA RADIO	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	RACHEL'S SONG (REBROADCAST)	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CUTE BAND ALERT!	
10am	SHOOKSHOOKTA		THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	PLANET LOVETRON	DEMOCRACY NOW	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	THE SATURDAY EDGE
11am	KOL NODEDI	LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...			ALTERNATIVE RADIO		
12pm		ALTERNATIVE RADIO	MORNING AFTER SHOW	ANOIZE	DUNCAN'S DONUTS	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	GENERATION ANNIHILATION
1pm	THE ROCKERS SHOW		GIVE 'EM THE BOOT	FILL-IN	WE ALL FALL DOWN		
2pm		PARTS UNKNOWN	CIRO RADIO OKANAGAN	DEMOCRACY NOW	INKSTUDS	RADIO ZERO	POWERCHORD
3pm	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	RE-BROADCAST	REEL TO REAL				
4pm		NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS	CAREER FAST TRACK	RUMBLETONE RADIO A GO GO	CRIMES & TREASONS	NARDUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE
5pm	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	SANT TROPEZ	WENER'S BBQ	RACHEL'S SONG	MY SCIENCE PROJECT	PEDAL REVOLUTION	NEWS 101
6pm	QUEER FM	RADIO RADIO	FLEX YOUR HEAD	AND SOMETIMES WHY	SAMSQUANCHES HIDEAWAY	STEREOSCOPIC REDOUT	THE CANADIAN WAY
7pm							
8pm	RHYTHMSINDIA	KARASU			EXQUISITE CORPSE	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	SHADOW JUGGLERS
9pm	MONDO TRASHO		SALARIO MINIMO	FOLK OASIS	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	SWEET AND HOT	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
10pm	TRANCENDANCE	THE JAZZ SHOW	CAUGHT IN THE RED	JUICEBOX	LAUGH TRACKS	SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER	BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
11pm							
12am	DISASTERPIECE THEATRE	VENGEANCE IS MINE		HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	RAW RADIO	I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES	PASSING BINARY
1am							
2am							
3am			AURAL TENTACLES				
4am	BBC	BBC		BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
5am							

SUNDAY

TANA RADIO (World) 9-10am

SHOOKSHOOKTA (World) 10-11am

KOL NODEDI (World) 11am-12pm

Beautiful arresting beats and voices emanating from all continents, corners, and voids. Seldom-rattled pocketfuls of roots and genes, recalling other times, and other places, to vast crossroads en route to the unknown and the unclaimable. East Asia, South Asia, Africa, The Middle East, Europe, Latin America.

Gypsy, Fusion, Always rhythmic, always captivating. Always crossing borders. Always transporting.

THE ROCKERS SHOW (Reggae) 12-3pm

Reggae in all styles and fashion. BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (Roots) 3-5pm

Real country-caught-in-yeer-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (Pop) 5-6pm

British pop music from all decades. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, U.S., etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet-set holiday now!

Alternates with: SAINT TROPEZ (Pop) 5-6pm

QUEER FM (Talk) 6-8pm

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA (World) 8-9pm

Rhythmsindia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

MONDO TRASHO (Electric) 9-10pm

TRANCENDANCE (Dance) 10pm-12am

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical.

trancendance@hotmail.com

DISASTERPIECE THEATRE (Talk) 12-2am An odyssey into time and space in audio.

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Electric) 8-11am

Your favourite Brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury

blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS... (Eclectic) 11-12pm

A mix of indie pop, indie rock, and pseudo underground hip hop, with your host, Jordie Sparkle.

ALTERNATIVE RADIO (Talk) 12-1pm

Hosted by David Barsamian.

PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop) 1-3pm

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

LET'S GET BAKED w/HATT & DAVE (Electric) 3-4pm

Vegan baking with "rock stars" like Laura Peak, The Food Jammers, Knock Knock Ginger, The Superfantastics and more.

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (Talk) 4-5pm

A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity. We are all volunteers committed to promoting Native self-determination, culturally, economically, spiritually and otherwise. The show is self-sufficient, without government or corporate funding.

EUROQUEST (Eclectic) 5-6pm

RADIO! RADIO! (Eclectic) 6-7:30pm (alt.)

KARASU (World) 7:30-9pm

THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz) 9pm-12am

Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy Gavin Walker. Features at 11pm.

July 2: Tonight we feature the middle Heath brother: tenor saxophonist/band leader/composer/arranger on a fine big band album just re-issued. It's called Really Big and has an all-star band, with the Adderly brothers, Clark Terry and others. Great stuff with Jimmy Heath and his orchestra.

July 9: Trumpeter and band leader Woody Shaw in an incredible set recorded at the Village Vanguard with his working band. Woody kept the jazz flame burning during the dark (for pure jazz) ages in the '70s. Woody belongs to a great legacy of players, beginning with Miles Davis and Dizzy Gillespie on audio.

July 16: Tonight we pay homage to the late giant of the tenor saxophone who was one of the most influential players in the last 35 years of jazz history...Michael Brecker. We'll feature Michael's last recording, called Pilgrimage

and Gavin's guest will be saxophonist Terry Deane, who was a good friend of Brecker's.

July 23: Long overdue for release is tonight's feature. This challenging and deep recording is by the late, innovative pianist/composer Andrew Hill. Here with a quartet with tenor saxophonist Sam Rivers, bassist Walter Booker and drummer J.C. Moses is an all-hill program of his pieces that have, until now, been unavailable.

July 30: Pianist/composer The Ionian Monk ends the month with a date recorded at the legendary Blackhawk in San Francisco. Monk's working quartet, with tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse, bassist John Ore and newly-acquired drummer Billy Higgins, plus the addition of two great West Coasters: tenorist Harold Land and trumpeter Joe Gordon make this an interesting date with Mr. Monk, in fine form.

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk) 12-2am

All the best of the punk has to offer, in the wee hours of the moon.

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VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk) 12-2am

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PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots) 6-8am

Bluegrass, old-time music, and its

derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman.

RACHEL'S SONG (Talk) 8-9:30am

(Rebroadcast from previous Wednesday, 5-6:30pm) Currently airing Necessary Voices lecture series.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock) 9:30-11:30am

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal!

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MORNING AFTER SHOW (Electric) 11:30am-1pm

GIVE 'EM THE BOOT (World) 1-2pm

Sample the various flavours of Italian folk music from north to south, traditional and modern. Un programma bilingue che esplora il mondo della musica folk italiana.

CIRO SYNDICATED (Talk) 2-2:30pm

Syndicated programming from Okanagan's CIRO. (Replaces Besner Rhyme)

REEL TO REAL (Talk) 2:30-3pm

Movie reviews and criticism. CAREER FAST TRACK (Talk) 3-3:30pm

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE
(French) 3:30-4:30pm
En Avant La Musique! se concentre sur le métissage des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte à tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Franco-phone musicians.

WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sports)
4:30-6pm

Join the sports department for their coverage of the T-Birds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD (Hardcore)
6-8pm

Up the punx, down the emo! Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. Flexyourhead.

SALARIO MINIMO (World)
8-10pm

Salario Minimo, the best rock in Spanish show in Canada.

CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock)
10pm-12am

Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of rock n' roll debris. Dig it!

AURAL TENTACLES (Electronic)
12-4am

It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE (Electronic)
8-10am

PLANET LOVETRON
(Electronic) 10-11:30am

With host Robert Robot. One part classic electronics. One part plunderphonics/mixmatch. Two parts new and experimental techno. One part progressive hip-hop. Mix and add informative banter and news for taste. Let stand. Serve, and enjoy. planetlovetron@gmail.com

ANOIZE (Noise) 11:30am-1pm

Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk)
2-3pm

Recommended news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

RUMBLETONE RADIO (Rock)
3-5pm

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

RACHEL'S SONG (Talk)
5-6:30pm

AND SOMEWHAT WHY
(Pop/Electronic) 6:30-8pm

First Wednesday of every month.

Alternates with:

SAMSQUANCH'S HIDEAWAY
(Electronic) 6:30-8pm

FOLK OASIS (Roots) 8-10pm

Two hours of eclectic roots music. Don't own any Birkenstocks? Allergic to patchouli? C'mon in! A kumbaya-free zone since 1997.

JUICEBOX (Talk) 10-11PM

Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queer-

ness, and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality educators Julia and Alix will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span! www.juiceboxradio.com

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR
(Hans Kloss) 11pm-1am
This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD NEWS
(Electronic) 8-10am

DEMOCRACY NOW
(Talk) 10-11am

ALTERNATIVE RADIO
(Electronic) 11am-12pm

DUNCAN'S DONUTS
(Electronic) 12-1pm

Hosted by Duncan, sponsored by donuts.

WE ALL FALL DOWN
(Electronic) 1-2pm

Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

INK STUDS
(Talk) 2-3pm

CRIMES & TREASONS
(Hip Hop) 3-5pm

MY SCIENCE PROJECT (Talk)
5-6pm

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rocket ship,

piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate scenic, under-

exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research,

technology, and poetry (submissions welcome). mysienceprojectradio@yahoo.ca

Alternates with:

PEDAL REVOLUTION (Talk)
5-6pm

STEREOSCOPIC REDOUBT
(Rock) 6-7:30pm

Psychedelic, Garage, Freebeat and Progressive music from 1965 to today: underground, above ground and homeground.

EXQUISITE CORPSE
(Experimental) 7:30-9pm

Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc.

Recommended for the insane.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD
RADIO HELL (Live Music)
9-11pm

Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent...

LIVE! Honestly, don't even ask about the technical side of this.

LAUGH TRACKS (Talk)
11pm-12am

RAW RADIO (Hip Hop)
12-2am

FRIDAY

CUTE BAND ALERT! (Electronic)
8-10am

SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (Ska)
10am-12pm

Email requests to: djska_t@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS
(Hip Hop) 12-2pm

Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shack mixes underground hip hop, old school classics, and original breaks.

RADIO ZERO (Electronic)
2-3:30pm

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN
SERVIETTE PRESENTS
(Nardwuar) 3:30-5pm

NEWS 101
(Talk) 5-5:30pm

WIN.G.S.
(Electronic) 5:30-6pm

THE CANADIAN WAY
(Eclectic) 6-7:30pm

Canadian independent music, from any given genre, from all across our massive and talented country, with your host, Spike.

www.myspace.com/canadianway thecanadianway@popstar.com

AFRICAN RHYTHMS (World)
7:30-9pm

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.

www.africanrhythmsradio.com

SWEET N' HOT (Jazz)
9-10:30pm

Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, 30s and 40s.

SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER
(Eclectic) 10:30pm-12am

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES
(Electronic) 12-2am

Beats mixed with audio from old films and clips from the internet.

10% discount for callers who are certified insane. Hosted by Chris D.

SATURDAY

THE SATURDAY EDGE (Roots)
8am-12pm

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

GENERATION ANNIHILATION (Punk)
12-1pm

A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary.

www.streetpunkradio.com

crashburnradio@yahoo.ca

POWERCHORD (Metal) 1-3pm

Vancouver's only true metal show: local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Geoff the Metal Pimp and guests do the damage.

CODE BLUE (Roots) 3-5pm

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
(World) 5-6pm

The best of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

NASHA VOLNA
(World) 6-7pm

SHADOW JUGGLERS 7-9PM
(Dance/Electronic)

An exciting show of Drum n' Bass with DJs Jimjungle & Bias on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for give-aways every week. Keep feelin da beatz.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
(Dance/Electronic/Eclectic)
9-11pm

BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
(Hip Hop) 11pm-1am

PASSING BINARY (Electronica)
1-3am

NCRC 2007 WRAP-UP



To describe the CTR Radio facilities as "quiet" these days might just be the understatement of the decade. But now that the National Campus and Community Radio Conference (NCRC)'s hundreds of delegates, volunteers, and speakers have gone home, we at CTR have been kicking back, enjoying a beer from the machine, and savouring the taste of pulling off another successful event.

The conference is a yearly event put on by the National Campus and Community Radio Association (NCRA), the umbrella organization representing campus and community stations like CTR all across the country. From lobbying the CRTC, to supporting the development of emerging stations, to fighting for media democracy, the NCRA is one of the most important national indie media organizations in the country. This year's conference put host station CTR back on the radar of national campus-community radio.

Just take CKXU delegate Jen Prosser's words for it: "By now this is a little redundant, but a huge thanks from CKXU in Lethbridge, Alberta to both the fan-tabulous people at CTR, as well as all those who helped, assisted and coordinated. You guys were amazing and sure know how to throw a great party!"

Radio Canada International Journalist Bethany Or's nod to CTR has us feeling more than a little bashful. Said Or, "I was amazed at stuff I learned in the workshops and people I met, and the conference went off so seamlessly—how did you do it?"

The answer, of course, lies in CTR's dedicated staff, volunteers and sponsors, without whom NCRC 2007 wouldn't have been possible. The efforts of Luke Meat, Bryce Dunn, and CTR's worker-bees, Melanie Coles and Victoria Cruz, all deserve special praise—not to mention the hard work and vision of CTR Station Manager, and former NCRA President, Lydia Masemola. Great work everyone!

So what's next for the NCRA?

At the closing plenary meeting of NCRC 2007, Windsor/Detroit's CJAM threw its hat into the ring to host the 2008 conference. After all, if Vancouver can get the Olympic bid, surely CJAM will be able to bring radiophiles from across the country to Windsor next June.

Until then, on behalf of CTR, it's been a slice!

Alison Benjamin
Conference Coordinator, NCRC 2007



THE SUN SHINES AND SHINES WITH THE GIFT OF LIFE!

JUSTICE

† CD

By and by the French (from France) often remind us that the word *discotheque* is a lovely French pronunciation (another word that, come to think of it, also sounds a little French). Both word and idea (or rather practice), this influential notion is also evidence that cool culture is something properly acquired over time (as with history): listening to records as public recreation while drinking and whatnot? Yes, a wonderful idea, a grand invention! It seems that the spirit of this early 20th century coinage is alive and well in slamming goodtime records like this full-length debut by **Justice** (young producers **Gaspard Augé** and **Xavier de Rosnay**), who are friends of **Daft Punk** and a member of the always-recommendable **Ed Bangers** records, dance-positive corps (more French?). Already illegally downloaded en masse, this one is certain to be ubiquitous — and quick! Viva the good time!

CD 16.98

LIGHTNING DUST S/T CD

Our **Black Mountain** section is itself quickly becoming a busy area alone. It not only contains music by **Black Mountain**, of course, but also by the **Pink Mountaintops**. **Jerk with a Bomb**, **Sinola Caves**, **Ex Dead Teenager**, **Blood Meridian**, the **Spiderman** 3 soundtrack, and now **Lightning Dust**. **Lightning Dust** is made up of **Amber Webber** and **Josh Wells**, who together and separately, have played in one form or another, in a good number of the aforementioned groups. Now here on their own as a duo, they offer a much mellower, understated music than is typical of their more rocking peers and compatriots. This difference nicely emphasizes **Webber's** beautifully soulful voice and **Wells'** gentle keyboard chording. The result is both sweet and earthy, with a softy and pastoral aura. Imagine the sound of a lens flare on a sunset photograph, taken from the woods but towards the beach, with an endless ocean horizon beyond. In other words, absolutely lovely!

CD 14.98

INTERPOL OUR LOVE TO ADMIRE CD

Seems like forever since **Dantes**, much, much longer ago than only 2004. Now on a major label proper, **Interpol** has finally returned, at last overcoming the often dreaded sophomore challenge. Thankfully, the refined aesthetic that makes their previous work so strong and compelling, particularly their impressive debut, **Turn on the Bright Lights**, remains as potent as ever. But now in a post-**Arcade Fire** world, a little more "air in the mix" is design these days, as well as a somewhat diversified sonic palette (not to mention a somewhat churchy aesthetic). Rising thoughtfully and competently to the challenge of this transformed pop music scene, but in fact not having to move too far from the same starting position as the **Arcade Fire** anyway, **Our Love to Admire** somehow turns down the contrast but increases the shadows, while still finding the opportunity to kick out a few tightly wound, angular rockers. As always with **Interpol**, this is recommended.

CD 16.98



BEASTIE BOYS THE MIX-UP CD

Like a beloved old friend (or three), the **Beasties** are always happily received, back-slaps, hugs, hand shakes and high-fives all-round. This latest release, although entirely instrumental, is especially welcome, particularly now that summer is at last upon us. A set of cool yet rocking jams, all played by the **Beasties** themselves and a few of their old pals (hello **Money Mark**). **The Mix-Up** is sure to be the sweet soundtrack to your next patio or backyard party, or even lazy nighttime drink. Nice. By the way, word has it that a vocal version of this album, if perhaps somewhat differently composed, is supposedly also forthcoming. But, in the meantime, if, like us, you are a big fan of the deft instrumental turn on **Check Your Head**, and we know you are, then you'll also know what kind of guaranteed good time we're talking about here. However you do it, kick back with this one!

CD 16.98

CAROLYN MARK NOTHING IS FREE CD

Carolyn Mark is goofy. **Carolyn Mark** is tipsy. **Carolyn Mark** is a charismatic firecracker with a heart of gold. It's no wonder she's a folk festival favourite: our Tremble Hostess, Miss **Carolyn Mark** battles heartaches and hangovers with a healthy dose of humor. Armed with nothing but her guitar, some red lipstick and her new album, **Nothing Is Free**, Her 6th (!!!) release with Mint Records, **Carolyn** leaps off of the back porch and into our hearts. Self-described as her, "woody, introspective" album, it pairs nicely with a cheap bottle of red wine from the expensive store and a leisurely afternoon.

CD 12.98

SPOON GA GA GA GA GA CD

Spoons last two albums, **Kill the Moonlight** and **Gimme Fiction**, demonstrated a band (apparently mostly just the multitalented **Brett Daniel** and **Jim Eno** in the studio) rapidly maturing. Secure as a great, new voice of serious, smart indie-Americana, the excellent **Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga**, Spoon's sixth full-length recording (or so) and forth for Merge records, gives further evidence of their steady growth and sophistication. Unsurprisingly, **Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga** songs are uniformly laid and efficient without being hurried, exploring new ideas without forgetting the fundamentals: nothing is wasteful or unnecessary, and everything is always played with feeling. Listening to it now here while writing this ad blurb, **Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga** somehow — surprisingly perhaps — brings to mind **Combat Rock**, The Clash's great homage to **Alvin**, except as if played by a paired-down **Wilco**, but if **Wilco** were simultaneously the long-gone but (hopefully) not forgotten great San Francisco band **Swell**. Does this make sense? Trust us, it's all good.

CD 16.98



THREE INCHES OF BLOOD FIRE UP THE BLADES CD

What more needs to be said? **Three Inches of Blood's Fire Up the Blades** is pure rocking metal, endorsed, no less, by **MySpace** page. As they should be, the guitars are girth and thrashy, the singer (at least one of them) gritty but operatic, the rhythm section a tight fucking machine, and the band combined awesome. With clear, heavy production by **Slipknot's Joey Jordison**, **Fire Up the Blades** sounds as good sonically as it does musically, which means pretty fucking good. Things kick off hard and fast and keep on chugging to the bitter end, leaving nothing but burn marks and debris in the wake. **Fire Up the Blades** is not just true metal. It's a call to battle. Beware, false metal, be-fucking-ware.

CD 16.98

THE FOR CARNATION PROMISED WORKS CD

With **Silent** playing shows again — not only including performing their legendary **Spiderman** in its fantastic entirety, but also even supposedly possibly working on new recordings (gasp!) — now is probably a good time to reexamine **The For Carnation**. **Brian McMahon's** somewhat underappreciated post-**Silent** project. Hence, **Touch & Go** have compiled and reissued the band's first two EPs, **Fight Songs** and **Marshallmallows**, as one handy release. At times featuring **John Herndon**, **Doug McCulloch**, **Andrew Bonaroc**, **John Weiss** and **Tim Ruhl**, **The For Carnation** was nonetheless always a genuine vehicle for **McMahon's** idiosyncratically moody atmospherics more than a super-group victory lap. Although their eponymous and ultra-cool final recording is perhaps the band's definitive statement, this excellent collection is a definite must-have for any **Silent** fan.

CD 16.98

PRIDE TIGER THE LUCKY ONES CD

Recent, much-deserving cover stars of the **Georgia Straight**, we hope that these rough, hard-hitting and rocking local boys (and real sweet dudes) make the big-time jump to huge recognition and huger sound systems. Truly, their music deserves to be blasting out of trucks and boogie vans all over the lower mainland, the interior, and, well, indeed, all across the land, from small town to urban center. Without recording the irreproachably cool pedigree of the band, rooted well and deep in the local music and sub-cultural scene, **The Lucky Ones** is outright roll-up-your-sleeves populist rock. With wide possible appeal, it's sourced primarily from the massive, turn-of-riffs of 70s FM rock radio; it is as much **This Lizzy** as underground hip. All killer riffs, flat-out impressive chops and a singing drummer, this major label debut is sure to please the working classes proper as much as the lucky-ones! pop-cultural epicureans, all of which inexplicably drink Pacific Pilsner. WE are the lucky ones!

CD 16.98

CHECK THESE OTHER HIGH TEMPERATURES!

Chemical Brothers — We Are the Night

Art Brut — It's a Bit Complicated

Bumps — S/T

Nick Drake — Family Tree

Fridge — The Sun

Jaylib — Champion Sound

Deluxe Version

Polyphonic Spree — The Fragile Army

Ryan Adams — Easy Tiger

Bad Brains — Build a Nation

Bryan Ferry — Dylanesque

Bad Religion — New Maps of Hell

Gogol Bordello — Promised Works

Happy Mondays — Uncle Dysfunctional

Iron & Wine — Boy with a Coin

Editors — An End Has a Start

Mick Turner — Blue Trees



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